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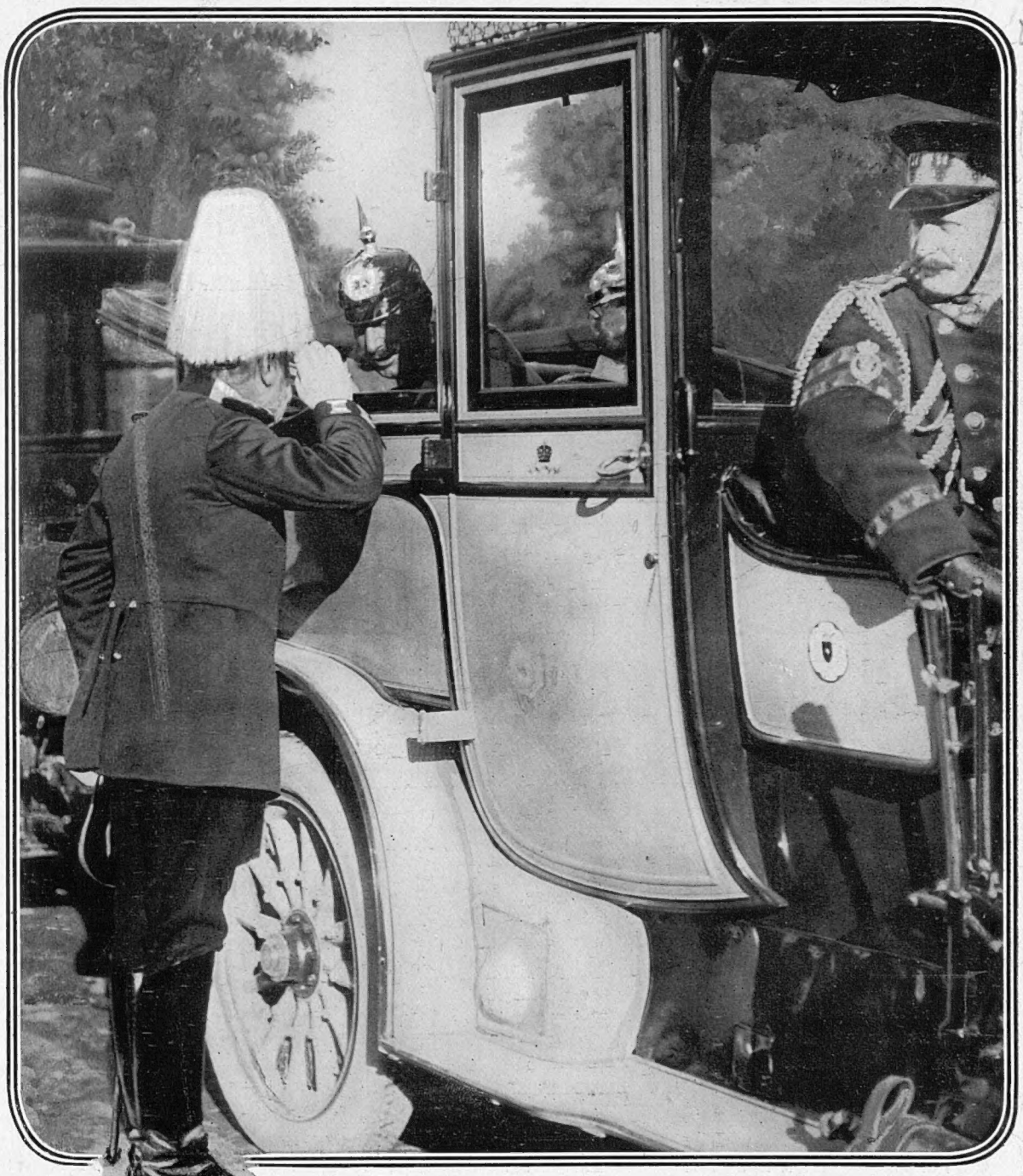
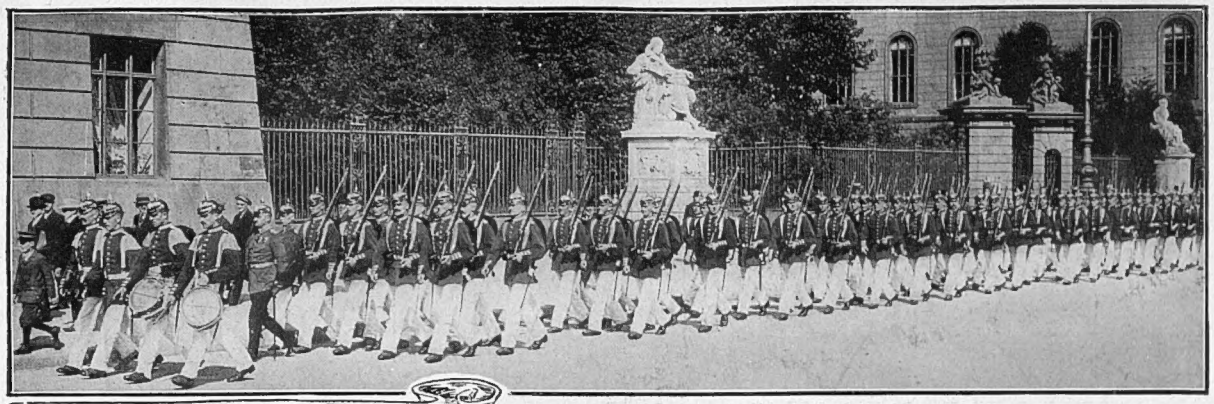


ALL'S WELL WITH THE GERMAN ARMY!

The Kaiser receives a message from an aide-de-camp at the German army manœuvres. His Imperial Majesty has expressed himself as very satisfied with the fitness and mobility of his many legions



German Troopers Marching through the Streets of Berlin

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

PEOPLE OF INTEREST IN TOWN AND OUT

German Troopers at the Manœuvres—Ready for the Next Step

1870 and Now

WHETHER THE BYSTANDER is beginning to look elderly or not I don't know, but during the past week he has many times been asked whether the war of 1870 was also preceded by soothing words on the part of those who conducted the negotiations. Did Bismarck, too, talk of arbitration, and were the movements of the armies then put down to the drought and foot and mouth disease? THE BYSTANDER has had to explain, with some asperity, that he was *not* out and about forty years ago, but that if anybody wants to know what his father, father-in-law, and revered uncle have told him, it is that the outbreak of the war of 1870 was the greatest surprise ever experienced by the man in the street of the last generation. People, I understand, who read the fatal placard could easily have been knocked down by a feather. Men read their *Timeses* and *Morning Posts* (the poor fellows had then no *Mails* and *Expresses* to guide them) containing accounts of desultory discussions between Bismarck and the French Ambassador with just as little concern as we have read those of their successors. But that there would ever be such a thing as an Ems telegram, and a midnight declaration of war, nobody had dreamed.

* * *

Bolts from the Blue

ONE hopes that there will be nothing of the sort now; but it is not a bad idea, when one is thinking over such things, to ask how wars *do* break out, and one will generally find that the bolt comes out of just such blue skies as those of September, 1911. It is quite true that there ought not to be war over Morocco. If the dispute is one that could be talked about for two months, it is not one that need be fought about. Like John Tanner in *Man and Superman*, they can always keep on talking. The only danger of war is that somebody *wants* it. Is that somebody Germany?

GOOD LUCK AND GODSPEED!
Lord Kitchener embarking for Egypt last Saturday to take up his duties as British Agent and Consul-General

* * *

Business versus Business

BELIEVERS in Mr. Norman Angell and his "Great Illusion" declare that there will be no war, because Germany cannot afford it. I have yet to hear that the historic war-makers, before setting out on their various conquests, consulted their Chancellors of the Exchequer. They generally fought first, and made the vanquished pay the bill. Kaisers may be more businesslike than were Cæsars, but soldiers are much the same as ever. *Their* "business" is fighting.

* * *

The Last Hope

"AFTER all, there is always the Hague!" Thus Herr Kid. Waechter, disposing of the idea that war might result from the rupture of negotiations. The tone in which the disappointed diplomat made this remark must have resembled that of the Bishop at sea in a tempest.

"Is there any danger, captain?"

"We must trust in Providence, your lordship."

"Good heavens! Is it as bad as all that?"

Things *will* be bad—for Kid.—at the hands of the Pan-Germans, if it all ends at the stupid old Hague.

A Desperate Omen

WERE we disposed to be optimistic, we are so no longer. Insults from wealthy and prosperous classes in Germany we suppose we must bear, but when the *laundrymen*—who, in Germany, must earn at best a precarious livelihood—have the spirit to threaten us, no wonder the Berlin *Post* calls it a "gratifying sign of patriotic feeling."

***

Tu Quoque

IT only remains now for our own laundrymen to meet and to return the soft answer that turneth away wrath. To the threat that they would come and "properly wash our heads for us," we would reply regretting that only the very unpleasant nature of the task prevented our doing the same for them.

***

Phantom Soldiers

UHLANS were reported, on Friday, to have crossed the French frontier at Luneville, but not a single person was found who had seen the German troops. Have they searched for him in the telegraph office at Ems?

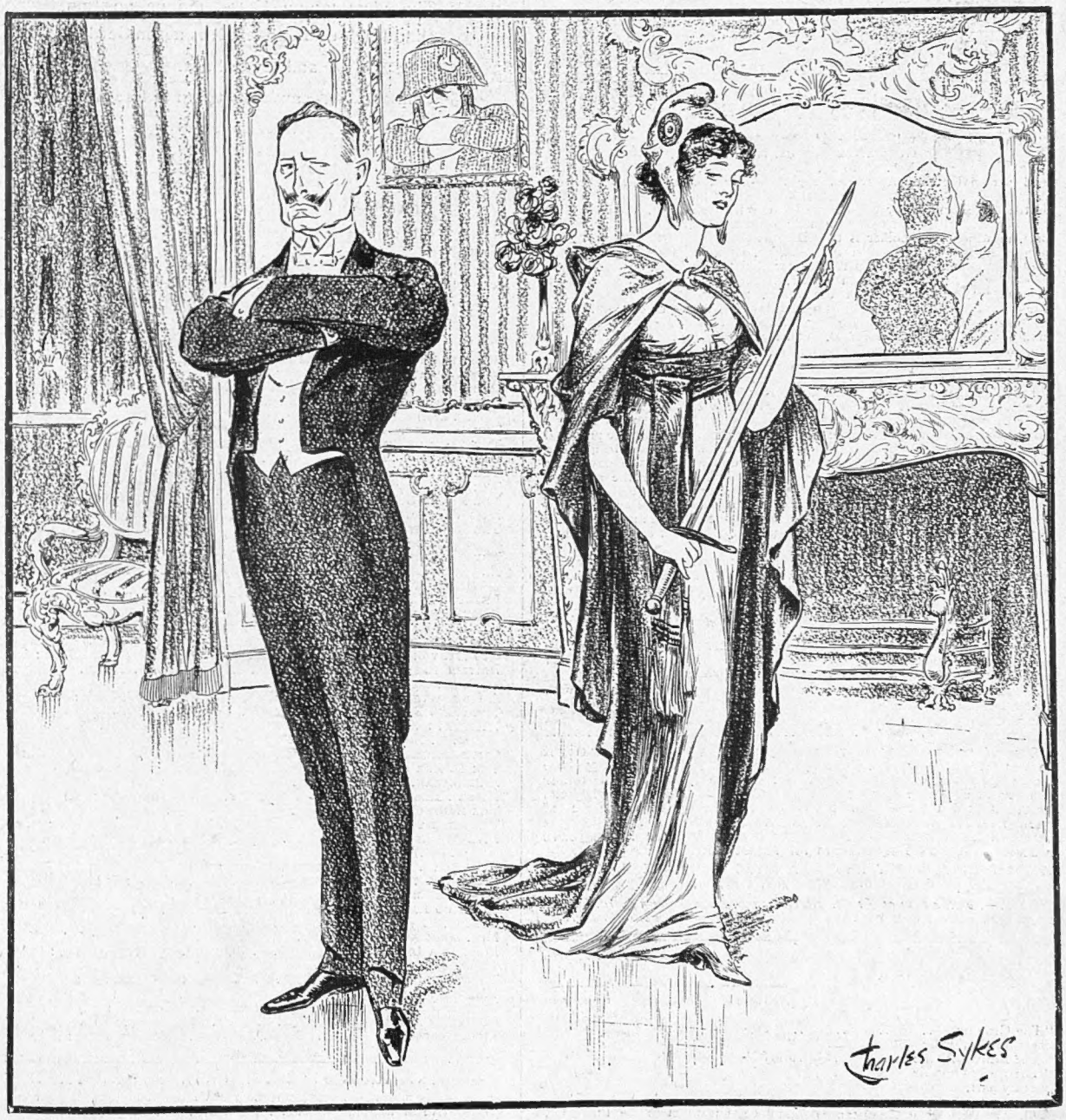
Town Not Quite Empty!

"ALTHOUGH so many people are out of town just now," I read in the Society columns of the *Daily Graphic*, "London is by no means empty. . . . The Berkeley Hotel, for instance, is quite full, and among its guests are the Rajah of Pudukota, le Duc d'Uzès, Count and Countess Michael Baworowski, Count Monceau, Viscount de Santo Thyrso, Countess Della Ghorardesca, and Comte Cimera." Is my contemporary quite sure that there is this amount of real flesh and blood in the capital of the Empire at this moment? Admitted that there are such people as the above, "Comte Cimera" sounds decidedly suspicious.

***

"Bystander" Parliamentary Competition

AS several competitors have very nearly forecasted the correct figures, another week must elapse before announcing the result, in order that the question of comparative skill may receive the most careful consideration.



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RIPE CORN. By S. C. Nethersole. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK. By G. Leroux. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. net.)
THE HARVEST. By Evelyne Close. (Lynwood: 6s.)
THE YOKE OF SILENCE. By Amy McLaren. (Mills and Boon: 5s.)
UNCONFESSED. By Maxwell Gray. (Long: 6s.)
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THE LITTLE GREEN GATE. By Stella Callaghan. (Constable: 5s.)
MISS VAUGHAN. By Charlotte Moor. (Century Press: 6s.)
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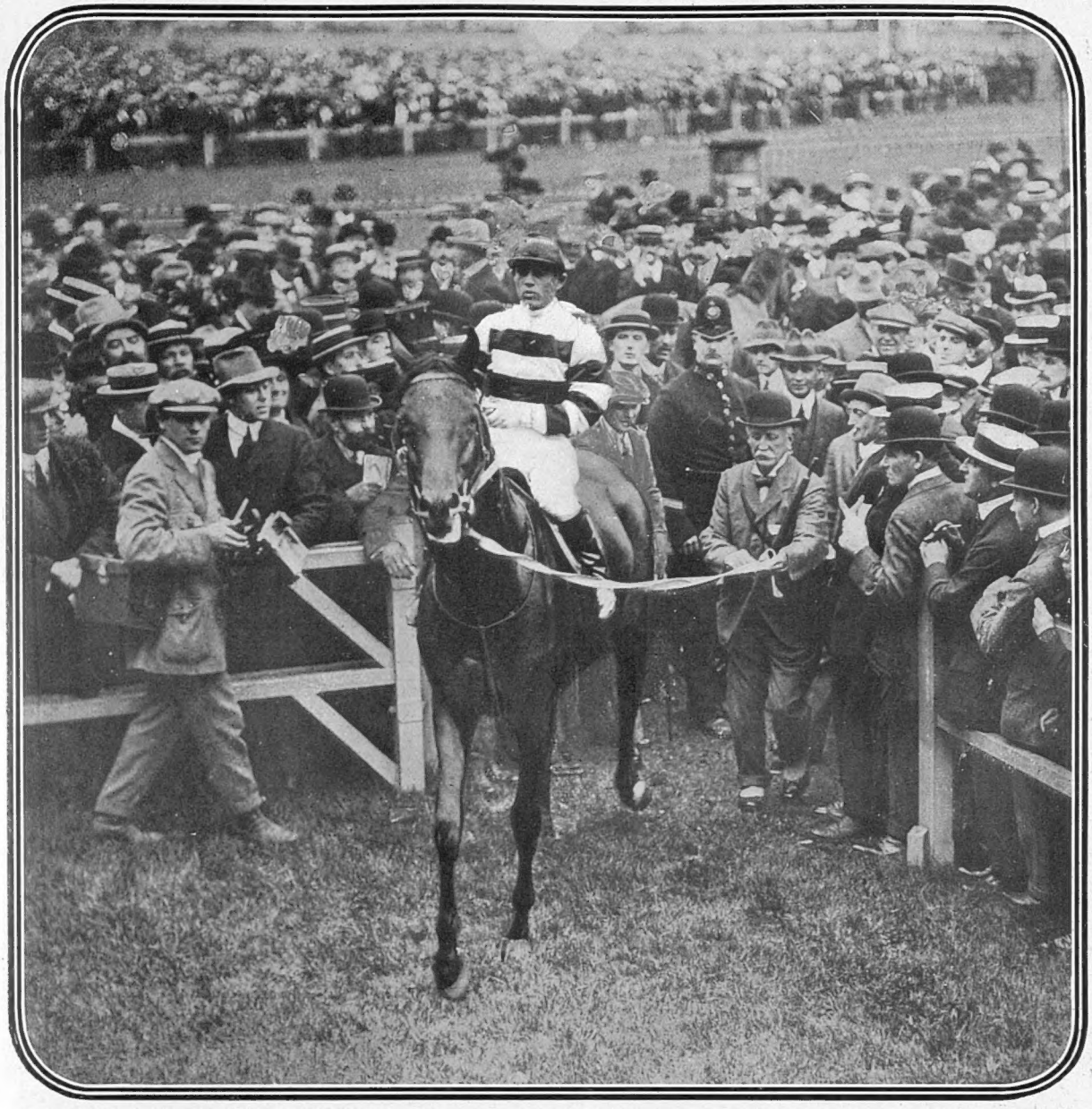

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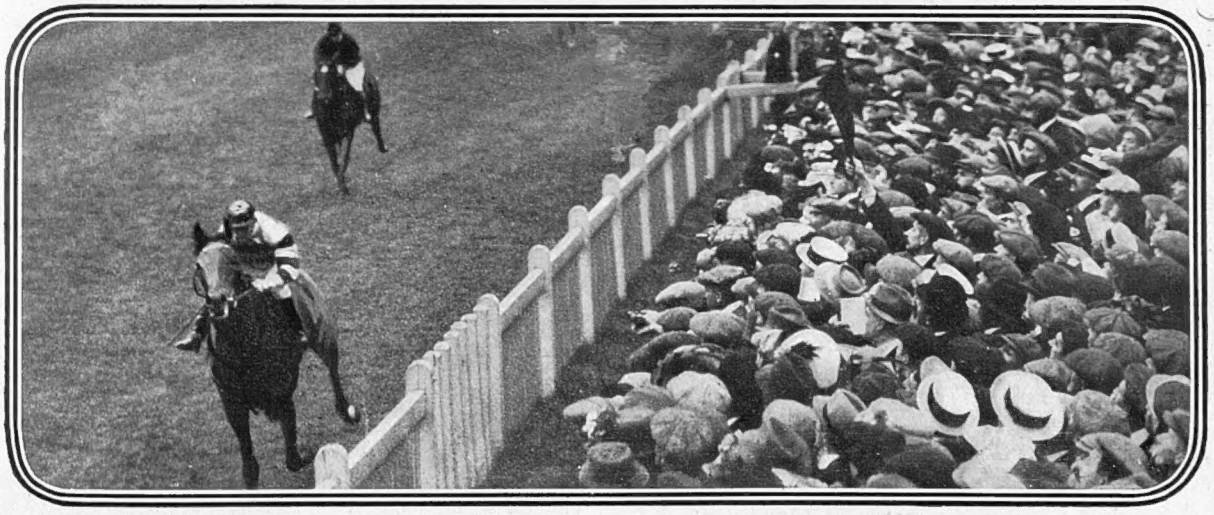


PRINCE PALATINE (EXTREME LEFT) AND LYCAON FINISHING 1st AND 2nd IN THE ST. LEGER

"In summing up my views of the race I select Prince Palatine to win, and I expect Lycaon and Pietri to prove worthy of support for places."—"Carbine" in last week's issue of "The Bystander" *(Verb. Sap.)*

IS ENGLAND FIT TO WIN?

The Press Defended against our Writer's Attacks

THE following letter, signed "Whitehall," has reached us in criticism of our anonymous article last week on England's "fitness to win" in the event of war:

> Has it not occurred to the writer that the action of the Press in appearing to treat the Moroccan crisis lightly was inspired by the Government itself? One of Germany's favourite dodges in negotiation is to try to convince France that England is "interfering"—goading her into war for her own selfish interests—and had our newspapers been full of news (much of which must have been either unfounded or too well founded) and comment, most of which must have been inflammatory, the chance of preserving peace would have been reduced to a minimum. Personally, I congratulate the London newspapers on having shown masterly diplomacy. By abstaining from saying the things they might have said, they may have strengthened the hands of the Government in preserving peace, and heaven knows, we do not *want* war.

We have sent this to the writer of the article, and the following is his reply.

OUR WRITER'S REPLY

The Duty of the Press to Tell the Truth.

Yes, what "Whitehall" says may be true. The Press did, quite possibly, refrain from taking Morocco too seriously out of consideration for the Foreign Office. But that does not excuse the Press in the least. If ours is a free, and not a reptile Press, it should decline most emphatically to suppress genuine news and genuine comment out of regard for officialdom. Since when has Truth been ruled out of the category of influences making for Peace? We are theologically assured that it is the best tactical manœuvre against the Arch Enemy. Why not against Germany—in whom some of us detect decidedly satanic propensities? I agree that idle rumours and acrimonious comments should be suppressed. But what a reflection on the state of our newspapers that they are dependent on either! Where the vaunted power of the British Press that it has not so been able to influence Ministers that they are compelled to issue authentic, sound information? Look at the Paris Press ever since the outbreak on the crisis. Hardly a day passes but the *Temps*, the *Matin*, or the *Echo de Paris* is not able to publish a truthful account of the situation at the moment, whereas our own Press is reduced to idle rumours or to stupid silence. If our Press is not able to secure proper Foreign Office information it should have other sources. The business of the Press is not merely to "oblige" the Foreign Secretary, whose methods may be anything but conducive to peace, but to inform the People of actual *facts*, and, in their comments, to uphold the standard of international morality so that, if one Power commits an act of piracy or dishonesty, it will incur the wrath of the whole of the civilised world. Do we not, in England, almost to a man, think that Germany's action in going to Agadir was that purely and simply of a bully, and that her conduct since France refused to be scared has been that of a huckster? She "tried it on," and she failed; then she proceeded to haggle to get the best terms, using, as she did so, blackmailing threats. This, Sir, being the firm view of nearly every Englishman, is it not the bounden duty of our mouthpiece, the Press, to say so, and to do its very utmost to proclaim the truth as to Germany's conduct before the world with the same vigour as we should proclaim it about the misdealings of a private individual? Heaven knows, our Press Pecksniffs are bold enough when their task is to heap scorn and obloquy on a homicidal degenerate or a swindler. When the homicide or swindler is a so-called Great Power, butter will not melt in our miserable mouths. And of what service to "Peace" has been this sloppy servility to Germany? Does she not mistake our moderation for fear? Does not every mealy mouthed "leader" mean so much screwing-up of her terms against France? To prove how promptly Germany takes advantage of the smallest slackening off of our English activity, turn your attention to the recent railway strike. Is it not a fact that the outbreak of this strike was followed immediately by the departure of Jules Cambon from Berlin—at the instance, not of his own, but of the German Government? It was only the sudden cessation of the strike that led to a reopening of the negotiations, for which the nation has to thank the patriotism of the railway directors, who, knowing the international danger, accepted terms of compromise which were utterly opposed to their interests. If further proof of the connection between the railway strike and the Franco-German negotiations is wanted, read the uncontradicted interview between Ramsay Macdonald and the *Figaro*, in which the Labour Leader practically admitted that he had himself used the foreign situation as a lever in getting terms for the men.

But I have strayed from the point. I merely wish to dissipate the idea that silence and servile civility on the part of our Press conduce to peace, and that outspoken, honest comment conduces to war, and once again I reiterate that the trivial attitude of the newspapers in diverting attention from the facts of the situation by publishing silly season twaddle about sea-water for babies and telepathy, by getting wildly excited about a Channel swim and a prize fight and a new Juliet, at a moment when every journalist knows (as well as every business man) foreign affairs have been in a state of grave tension, has done harm and not good to the cause of peace.

If war come now—and many of us believe that war will be better than another period of false peace—it will have decisive results, and I for one do not believe that these will leave England in the position she now holds. Even if our own precious shores are left virgin, our trade is bound to suffer, our communications with our "Colonies" will be interrupted, our position in India, Egypt, etc., will be affected; I have little confidence that Belgium and Holland and Denmark will remain without the German maw, and I have doubts even for Northern France itself. If a war has such results, what will history say when it records that England spent the days before the *débâcle* discussing Burgess, and sea-water babies, and Wells and Johnson, and a new Juliet, everything, in fact, but her own readiness to take her part in defending civilisation and liberty from an iron heel as oppressive as any that was ever before laid on the human neck?

At Court and in Society

Happy Royalty

IN England, of course, more, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world, the post of King is a quite charming one, and really not a bit difficult. While as for that of Queen, "*how* nice," as a certain Mrs. Leo Hunter recently remarked, "*how* nice to get all the great big lions who roar so well to stay with you without even having to fight for them!"

Leonine Guests

Consider the positively bewildering galaxy of twinkling stars that have lately been coruscating in the Northern (Royal) heavens. Great political panjandrums such as Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey; their arch-foe, Mr. Balfour; Lord Rosebery, who must be listed under political, say, persiflage rather than politics; and diplomatic personages of the type of Count Benckendorff.

A Mixed Bag

Then the Imperial Administrators, *viz.*, Lord Kitchener, Sir Reginald Wingate, Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael (the new Governor of Madras); High Finance—Lords Farquhar and Revelstoke; Medicine—Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking; and Law—Sir Charles Mathews; not to mention the Services, which are always at Court on guard; and even Art as represented by that celebrated connoisseur, Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder, who knew Her Majesty the Queen as a girl in Florence.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

To-morrow's Bride: The Hon. Kathleen de Blaquiere, only daughter of Lord and Lady de Blaquiere, who is marrying the Hon. Dudley Carleton, son and heir of Baroness Dorchester, to-morrow, September 21

Roaring Like Sucking Doves

Whether, of course, such an assemblage of lions is agreeable to the Daniels is another matter. Not that one imagines they will roar deafeningly at each other in different keys, and so disturb the general harmony. Oh, dear no! Not that at all. But the trouble is that these monarchs of the forest, once take them from their own special little bits of jungle, have a quite frightfully disconcerting way of roaring as gently and—dare I whisper it?—as dully as any sucking dove!

At Balmoral

Seeing oneself "cinematographed" is a quite thrilling diversion, at least so I've found it, especially when it's unexpected! And I hear that the excitement was positively intense at Balmoral last week, when, before Majesties and Ministers, Royal children and guests, also ghillies, cottagers, and servants, the wonderful Mr. Urban unrolled some 25,000 feet of films that portrayed all the great events—the Coronation, the Victoria Unveiling, the Investiture, the Royal processions—of a great season.

"Weel May the Keel Row"

There were two nights of it in succession. It took place after dinner in the big, newly decorated ballroom, and there was each night dancing, at which, *vide* a no less authority than that Master of Lost Opportunities—the Court Chronicler—the Queen danced a reel, having practised beforehand the intricacies of same with an adept at the art and a piper.

Dull Town

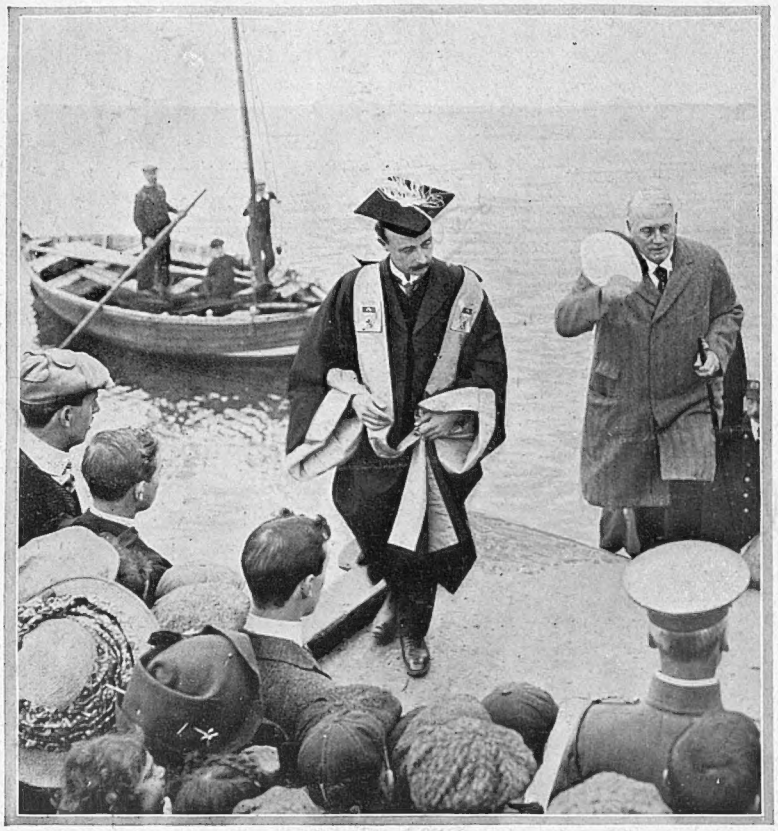
Scotland is still the centre of the universe, and London, surely, the most depressing place on earth. While northern places are at their loveliest, the hills ablaze with purple heather, the valleys alight with blue and silver, London air is vitiated; even the rain did not cleanse the streets; stagnation reigns supreme. A deadly dullness predominates, a dullness that, like the dark before the dawn, always seems deadliest as September draws to a close and the reawakening is at hand.

At the Theatres

New plays, with their exciting appanage of "first nights," are positively the sole diversion of the moment, and these, to date, though interesting and arresting from the play point of view, have been really hopelessly dull from the other, the stalls or Society standpoint. Things, I think, would improve if that section of Society—it is chiefly of the literary and artistic variety—that returns to Town in September would do its hair better and get its dress-trousers pressed. As it is, a modest seat not too far forward in the stalls reveals brains rather than beauty, "great white souls" rather than guile and glitter.

Society Up North

The Court, it is now said, will return to London during the first week in October, when preparations for the much-discussed Durbar will be at once taken in hand. Meanwhile there is much racing—at Ayr this week, at Lanark, and then at Edinburgh, followed by the First October at Newmarket, and then, in quick succession—and sandwiched with the pheasants—



THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS LANDS FROM HIS YACHT

On Thursday last Lord Rosebery was installed as Rector of St. Andrews, which is celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of its foundation. After landing from his yacht (as above) Lord Rosebery was dragged by the students in an open carriage to the University buildings, where he delivered a rousing oration

Kempton Park for the Duke of York Stakes, the Second October at Newmarket, Sandown, and the Houghton Meeting, after which comes the 'chasing at Liverpool.

Lord Suffield—Bridegroom

"Really," said a Bystander at Doncaster last week when the news (prophesied by me in last week's issue) of the eighty-one-year-old Lord Suffield's secret marriage was disclosed, "*really*, these old gentlemen!" But we really ought to be used to this sort of thing, the number of old, oldish, middle-aged, and "no-longer-chickens" bridegrooms who have led blushing brides to the altar during the recent hot summer being altogether unprecedented.

A Court Family

Throughout the Victorian and Edwardian eras Lord Suffield was very much a man about the Court, and his late wife, a Baring, who only died last February, was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Alexandra for over thirty years. Of Lord Suffield's two sons and seven daughters five have held Court appointments, the youngest of the family, Mrs. Derek Keppel, being one of Queen Mary's few intimate friends. To look at, Lord Suffield is, or was, not unlike the late Lord Leighton. His chief place is at Cromer, and he has a house, full of interesting treasures, in Manchester Square.

Ireland

The ex-Governor of Australia, Lord Dudley, arrived in England last week, and already, though avowedly in want of nothing but a holiday just at present, is being busily "billeted" by the quidnuncs. Dublin is averred to be open-armed to welcome his return as Viceroy, and the occasion, needless to say, has not been allowed to pass without the usual acrimonious comments on the "bankruptcy of social life" in Dublin under the present *régime*.

—And the Future

That Lady Aberdeen, whatever her social talents—or want of them—has done great things for Ireland, I should think, however, not the most rabid anti-Castleite could fail to acknowledge. It is not, perhaps, Her Excellency's influence that has so obviously improved the conditions of the farmers (by the way, *what* a pity it is that these and their wives are discarding the national country dress), but it is undoubtedly to the clever lady's energies that may be attributed not only the splendid new schools rising up everywhere, but also the marked decline in the onslaughts of that dreadest of Irish scourges—consumption.

Doncaster

Is always a charming, cheery meeting—a delightful blend of heartiness and horsiness only obtainable in the North Country, where the people take their pleasures pleasurably. Last week's Doncaster was more than usually all these things, the weather being exquisite (if the hardened course was less so), and the biggest crowd on record had foregathered to race on the Town Moor. Those that follow our only "Carbine" were, of course, on the winner of the Leger.

Dress at Doncaster

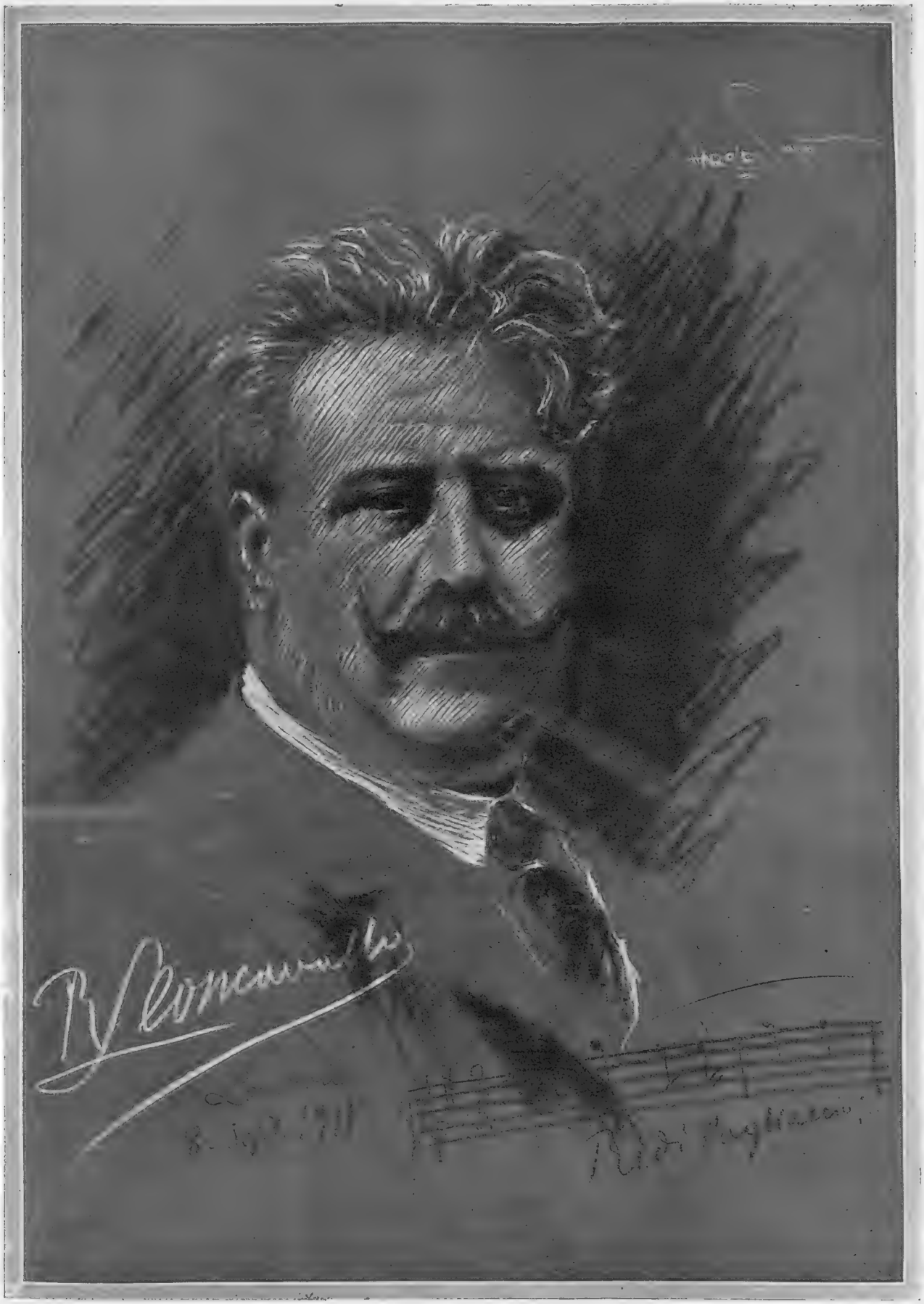
Is generally somewhat of a problem for lady visitors, for whether furs and thick tweeds, autumn serge and cloth, summer silks and muslins are to be the wear is a matter that lies on the knees of the gods, and, doubtless, sometimes, accounts for the weird medley of costume often encountered there. Doncaster and the "First October" (next week) at Newmarket are the recognised jumping-off places for the autumn fashions. Autumn fashions, therefore, be it wet or fine, hot or cold, must necessarily be worn there.

Scotch Racing

Up in Scotland, too, racing is one of the many attractions of the moment, and takes place at Ayr, where there are also two balls, and, of course, house-parties in dozens. There is a big gathering at Loudoun Castle, Lord Loudoun's seat; another at Dumfries, the Bute stronghold; and another at Culzean House, Lord Ailsa's beautifully situated seat. Other hosts for the meeting are Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wormald, and Mr. and Mrs. George Coats, father and mother of the future Duchess of Wellington. At the Ayr races the elect, *i.e.*, the members of the Caledonian Hunt, are distinguishable from the mere others by their wearing of the "pink," which always, accompanied as it is by purely "morning" etceteras, trousers, hats, and the like, presents a distinctly comic-opera appearance.

Via the Variety Theatre

LONDON RECEIVES A VISIT FROM ONE OF THE GREATEST OF LIVING COMPOSERS



AN IMPRESSION OF LEONCAVALLO BY HAROLD SMITH: AUTOGRAPHED BY THE COMPOSER

Probably no opera exceeds "Pagliacci" in dramatic intensity and melodic power, and the opportunity of hearing even an abridged version of it conducted by its composer will attract music-lovers to the London Hippodrome. Perhaps it is of no consequence, as Mr. Toots would say, but it does strike a discordant note when one hears that London has to receive one of the greatest of living composers in such a fashion

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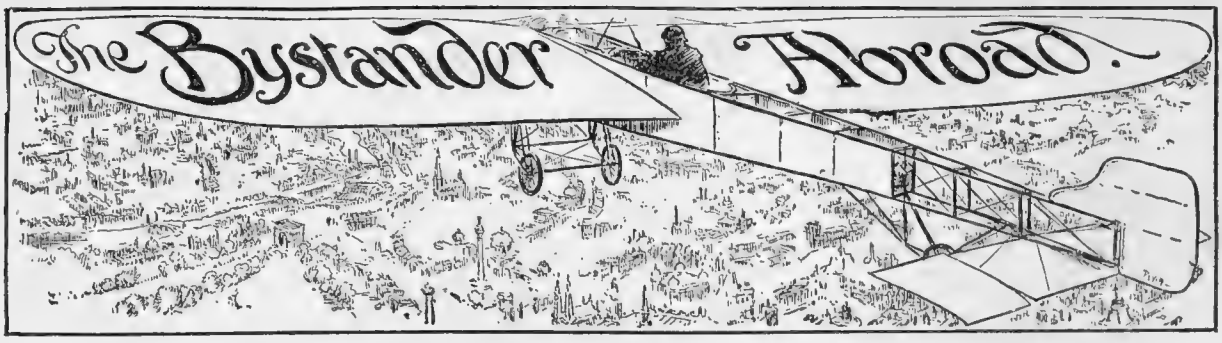


PARIS IN THE DOG DAYS: THE WORKMAN'S HOLIDAY

"Not a Cat in the Place"

Paris is empty still—far emptier than I have ever seen it before. Never has there been such an exodus as there was this year. It is historical, and photographs which were taken of the departure of Paris and his wife from the various stations have, after being converted into picture postcards, taken their place in the archives of the city beside the floods and other important events. To call Paris gay—"the Gay Capital"—at present is ironical indeed. It is unfortunate for cities, like human beings, to have any particular reputation. They cannot live up to them always. Then, it just happens that the person who really counts chances to catch them when they are not what they are reputed to be, and the disappointment is doubly great. But there's no catching Paris napping at present—for there's no one to do the catching, and no one to be caught. To use the French expression, "there isn't a cat in the place." That's metaphorical French, but it happens to be literally true as well, for if one consults the above-mentioned photographs one can see for oneself the cats, too, have taken their departure with the family party to the seaside or the country, or wherever their destination may be.

Photograph Bert, Paris

Little, Lucky, and Lovely

Mlle. Camille Calvat, the young and most successful artist of the Palais Royal, Paris

The Smugglers

Even the Paris workman is having, or has had, his holiday. "Even the Paris workman," I say, as if he shouldn't have a holiday as well as anyone else. Here the workman is perfectly independent, and no one can say him yea or nay. He, or, rather, his wife, does not sit down and weep till some kind-hearted ladies subscribe the wherewithal to take their offspring to the seaside. He has enough and to spare for a pleasant fortnight somewhere, and doubtless his holiday is appreciated all the more when it is paid for by himself. All along the lines as you return to Paris you meet such *ménages* going to or coming from Paris, and they are quite interesting studies. The women are always clean and neat, their little brood, the traditional French three (an ideal family to my mind) is well cared for, but if you examine the mother a little closely you will, perhaps, find she has another brood under her cape—real chickens this time, which she will presently have to smuggle past the officials of the French *octroi*. This feat cannot be as terrible as it sounds—(although I should not like to try the experiment)—for we have had good proof lately of the sleepiness of French officials, and smuggling in and out goes on wholesale, and of all sorts and conditions of goods, from chickens to the "Joconde." Still, if I were to smuggle at all, I think I would prefer it to be the "Joconde." She only smiles; the chickens—well——

Hard Times

Friends to whom I have related the chicken smuggling incidents have asked if this kind of smuggling is really worth while, for the penalty when you are caught is so great. But they very rarely seem to get caught, and the difference between wholesale and retail prices is so enormous in France that a thrifty Frenchwoman will willingly run this risk. That the Paris workman's wife can manage to scrape together the wherewithal to have a holiday is, indeed, a feather in her cap. The price of food here and living generally is beyond a joke. I should like the British workman to try this *régime* for a week and see what *he* thinks of it! It means double his expenditure and half his pay.

The Eternal Joconde

Oh! but Paris is unattractive at present. There is an unpleasant odour of burning pavement, which is all the more unpleasant after the mountain air of Switzerland, and the streets are dirty and badly kept, in spite of the fortune Paris has spent trying to keep them clean. Only one topic of conversation interests the few inhabitants of the deserted city—that is the disappearance of "The Joconde." We are having a great deal of fun about it all the same, and there is more fun to come. It is certainly keeping the French officials out of mischief during this hot weather.

To Engage London

AFTER CONQUERING HER NATIVE CITY IN SIX MONTHS

Photograph *Bert*

MLLE. RÉGINE FLORY

Mlle. Flory comes to London from the Martigny and the Théâtre des Capucines in Paris. Her clever singing and dancing, and an amazingly engaging manner, have won her a reputation of the first magnitude in six months, it being exactly that period since she commenced her stage career. She is at present in London preparing to star within the next few weeks at one of the big London Halls

THE ORIGIN OF AGADIR

BY A DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

1906 and Now

Are we never to get away from the Morocco question and Franco-German crises? In 1906 everybody thought the matter had been settled for good, and then the two Governments a couple of years later seemed to have given the final touch of peace on the subject by a special declaration. And yet here we are again with the quarrel as lively as ever—nay, worse than ever, for Germany now has not even the shadow of a complaint to make as she had in 1905, when M. Delcassé was in the midst of his brilliant diplomatic triumphs.

Was it all an Accident?

I hear stories of how the present affair sprang up, which, if true, would show once more the truth of Oxenstein's famous reflection: "Oh, my son, thou knowest not with how little wisdom the world is governed." The story going about in a certain circle is this: The *Panther* was sent in perfect good faith to Agadir on the Consular assertion that German lives were in danger. The French Embassy in Berlin (M. Jules Cambon being absent on leave) took fright, and sent an alarmist telegram on the subject to Paris, where M. de Selves, a new man in office, and quite inexperienced in international usage, took fright too. M. Delcassé was away, and could not be, or, at any rate, was not, appealed to. Herr Kiderlen-Waechter was away too, but hurried back as the alarm sounded along both diplomatic lines, and seeing the French Foreign Office in such a state of alarm thought it might give him a chance of doing a stroke of business. Kiderlen-Waechter must get something to save his own reputation, and the difficulty was to find a ladder on which to climb down with dignity. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter's one aim in life is to be called a second Bismarck. He smokes the same rank cigars, has cultivated the same brusque manner, but unless he can bring forward some policy to get out of the tangle there is every chance he will be promoted! not to a Bismarckian reputation, but to an Embassy as the business is settled. The Kaiser will not expose himself again to having crises sprung on him *en plein vacances*.

BELIEVE "THE BYSTANDER"

EVEN IN JEST!

In our last issue, p. 557, we published a page of sketches showing, in an exaggerated fashion, the part likely to be played by the airman in time of war. How nearly our artist forecasted facts is seen by the following extract from the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent at the German military manœuvres:

Early this morning the aviators of both armies were able to obtain so complete a picture of the enemy's dispositions that by eight o'clock each side was acquainted with the other's plans. The much-practised dodge of sham entrenchments was useless against aviators. Time after time infantry were seen rushing to fill dummy trenches, when an aeroplane was sighted, but obviously without a chance of deceiving the observation officer seated beside the pilot. The aeroplanes were obliged to keep at a height of from 600 to 800 mètres, and the airships at a height of 1,000 mètres above the hostile positions. It is hopeless henceforth to try to hide one's movements from an enemy in clear weather.

Photograph] WHERE DO WE COME IN? [*H. W. Nicholls*

Moors in Tangier discussing the Moroccan question, which, it is alleged, they are beginning to realise has some direct bearing on themselves

A Timely Photographic Reminder of France's Naval Power

A GLIMPSE OF THE FRENCH NAVAL MANŒUVRES LAST WEEK

Though in the regrettable event of war between Germany and France the campaign would be largely military, a trial of strength between the respective navies would be inevitable. It is interesting to note that Germany has now five Dreadnoughts and France *none*. On March 31, 1912, France will have six to Germany's nine, provided there are no delays in completion. If Germany wants to fight France at sea, she obviously stands an enormously superior chance now than she would after March 31, 1912. But, of course, there are one or two other Dreadnought-possessing nations who might not be content to watch

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

DIPLOMATISTS have been disappointingly dull and verbose over this Moroccan business, and it is rumoured that if they do not show themselves a bit smarter soon, a "diplomat" will not figure as the hero of Mr. Le Queux's next novel.

* * *

"German Newspapers," says one of them, "are constantly being telephoned to by readers anxious to know if there will be war or not!" This must be very gratifying to the editors, but would it not be kind of them frankly to explain to their simple emotional public that, bellicose as their leaders often are, the actual declaration of war has not, funnily enough, been entrusted to them?

* * *

It is strange to think of gun manufacturers as superstitious, but the reason why the *Orion*, the newest type of battleship, is armed with 13·5 guns is that the makers think that the number 13 will prove very unlucky to any ships that get in the *Orion's* way.

* * *

Following upon the Astor-Force wedding, there has been a general feeling among Americans that the same divorce laws should be applicable in every one of the States. It certainly does seem hard that if weddings of this sort are permissible, the contracting parties should not be given at least equal facilities for getting divorced when so disposed.

Airmen in this country have a right to feel discouraged. The attitude of the War Office is well known, and now the authorities at Drury Lane, who might well have given a stage rendering of the Brooklands-Edinburgh contest, have decided to depict—what do you suppose? Merely the Derby.

* * *

Seven racehorses are to compete in the stage version of this popular race. Of course, it will encourage horse-breeding and so forth, but when one thinks that the horses might have been aeroplanes!

* * *

A good deal was made in the papers last week of the hungry state in which the waiter of a Deal restaurant, who rowed across the Channel in a skiff, arrived on the French side. But what about the hunger of the people who went to the restaurant while the waiter was out sculling?

* * *

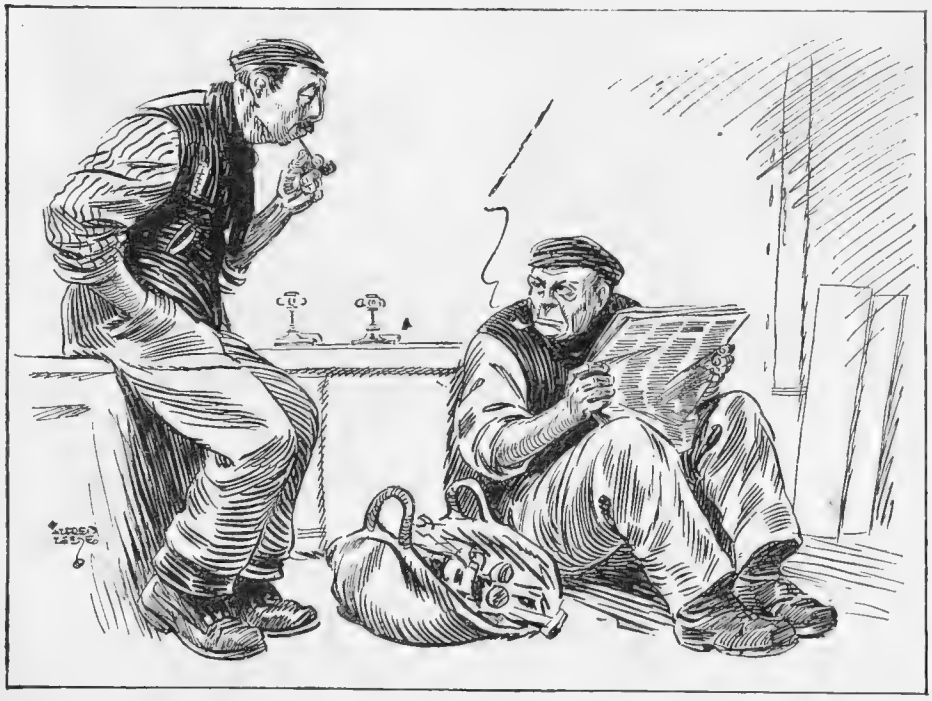
The Chinese Emperor commenced his education a few days ago, at the age of five. Educational experts maintain that, judging from the assiduous way in which the Imperial pupil hung his tongue out and covered himself with ink while tracing his first pothook, there is no reason to suppose that he will have any difficulty in eventually attaining his B.A. degree.

* * *

Bores, who are apt to find their acquaintances fly from them for no apparent reason, while they themselves are still in the middle of a good story, should be delighted to know that a new instrument, called the "aerophone," has been invented, and that its inventor believes that it will enable the human voice to carry forty miles at least, through rocks and other obstacles.

* * *

Such inventions, indeed, open up all sorts of prospects, pleasant and otherwise. Fancy a Duke, safely sequestered, as he fondly imagines, behind the 12ft. thick walls of his remote country castle, suddenly hearing, willy nilly, the accents of Mr. Lloyd George delivering a Limehouse speech.



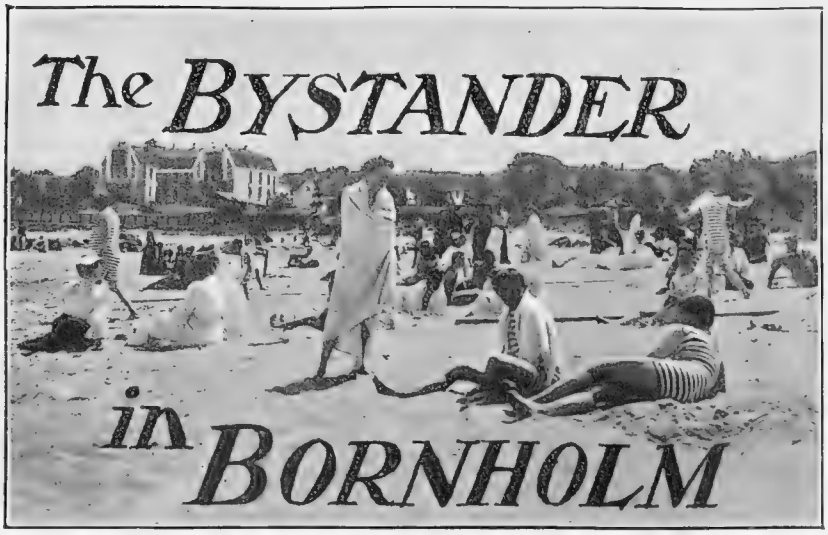
First Plumber: "There's 'urry for yer, Bill. Bloke been round the world in forty days"
Second Plumber: "Ugh! Bet 'e wasn't paid by the hour"

(By Alfred Leete)

THE NEXT STEP

"THE BYSTANDER'S" SUGGESTION TO HARASSED IMPRESARIOS

BY BERT THOMAS



A DANISH ISLAND WHERE DANES ARE NON-EXISTENT

The Ubiquitous Deutscher

Anyone who wants to see Germany in microcosm would do well to make for the Danish island of Bornholm. Just now the Berlin Bystander is there. He wanted a rest from Germans, and asked a well-informed friend where are Germans the scarcest. "Try a Danish island. The Danes hate Germans, and keep them at a distance," was the answer. The Berlin Bystander flew immediately to Bornholm—and woke up in Germany.

Denmark Without the Dane

The special characteristic of Danish Bornholm is that it has no Danes. There are only Germans: German hotel-keepers, German guests, German waiters, and German porters. The Berlin Bystander resides in a hotel at Helligdommen, built above romantic cliffs. A German owns the hotel, and every one of the seventy guests is a German. In this part of Bornholm the Danish tongue is never heard. One alleged Dane, indeed, arrived at the hotel for luncheon, but he fled immediately afterwards, saying to the Berlin Bystander, who addressed him in English: "*Entschuldigen Sie, aber ich spreche kein Deutsch.*"

Bathing at Bornholm

Bornholm has excellent bathing, in a not very salty sea. You can dive direct into deep water from rock ledges of any height from one foot to thirty. There is practically none of the sand-bathing which is good only for women and children. When the Germans see Bornholm's cliffs they ejaculate "*wunderschoen.*" The cliffs are granite, about sixty feet high; and in the West of Ireland they would be called "dacent big stones." Bornholm has also plenty of small woods, and a big forest at Almindingen, in the centre, whence—from a hill—you can see nearly the whole island. Also, you see the ruins of Hammershus, the former palace-fortress of the governors; and four round churches nowadays used only for praying, but built originally both for praying and fighting. There are runes, traces of glacier action, heather, and wonderful flourishing fields of wheat, oats, barley, and rye.

Starving in Midst of Plenty

The charm of Bornholm is its union of the seaside and the purely agricultural. The island is dotted with Danish farms or "*gaards*," white-washed, black-timbered, and thatched, with their farm-buildings sheltering three sides of a square, so that there is a windless yard inside. All this is very pleasing. Unfortunately, Bornholm has nothing to eat. The hotels are bad, and feed you with abominable "*Deutsches beefsteak*" and cold "*Aufschnitt*," in the worst Berlin lower middle-class style. Only one soup is known in the Bornholm hotels, but it has fifty different names, of which *crème d'orage*, *crème portugaise*, *crème marsellaise*, and *crème danoise* will linger long in the Berlin Bystander's memory.

In Puris Naturalibus

The Bornholm Danes would be a very delightful people if you could only find some of them. The Berlin Bystander tried, but usually in vain. One day he drove twelve miles away from the tourist-thronged coast, and entered a farmyard to water his pony. The proprietor was a German. A day later the Berlin Bystander, while walking along a cliff could not help seeing six feminine persons lying on their backs totally naked on a big rock underneath. They waved their hands. "The horrid Danish women," said the shocked Berlin Bystander, making for his hotel; and out of sheer emotion swallowed a spoonful of *crème portugaise*. This brought him to his senses and he looked across the table. There were six vacant chairs, and they belonged to six by no means unattractive maiden ladies of Gross-Lichterfelde, Berlin.

Nylars Kirke, one of the Round Fortress Churches of Bornholm, formerly used for purposes of both prayer and warfare, according to circumstances

Empress-Presumptive—Perhaps!

H.R.H. PRINCESS ZITA OF PARMA

Engaged to the Archduke Karl Franz-Joseph, Austrian Heir-Presumptive

ONE of the most disquieting positions in Europe is that occupied by the Princess Zita of Parma, whose engagement to the Austrian Heir-Presumptive, Karl Franz-Joseph, was rather unexpectedly announced on the eve of the British Coronation. Gossip had, previously, been making free with the name of the Prince as suitor for the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise.

But will Princess Zita ever sit on the Hapsburg throne? Between her and that honour stands the morganatic wife of the Heir-Apparent, Princess Hohenberg. Legally disqualified from the Austrian throne, it is, nevertheless, known to be Franz-Ferdinand's life-ambition to override the disqualification, and to effect this he is supposed to be ready to do and die.

The position of Princess Zita is, therefore, rather an exciting one. Her name is likely to occupy a large place in the European history of to-morrow.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

H.I.H. ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ-JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW.

"THE MOUSMÉ" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

THIS is a musical play which promises to rival the great success of its predecessor, *The Arcadians*. The book is by Mr. Alex. M. Thompson and Mr. Robert Courtneidge, who have recently paid a visit to Japan, doubtless to satisfy themselves that they have got the local colour right. The production at once challenges comparison with other well-known musical plays of the same kind, though it differs from most of them by reason of the fact that all its characters are Japanese. There is no breezy British naval man to run off with the heroine, or any nonsense of that kind. On the other hand, there are two Japanese military officers who play the hero and the villain respectively with all the stern realism of transpontine art. The villain is of the quality commonly known as the deepest dye. He steals the hero's girl, and subjects her to all sorts of unkind treatment, and then he usurps the hero's honours, which is extremely wicked of him, considering that this is only a musical play and not a fighting melodrama. But, of course, virtue comes into its own at the end, as everybody knows that wickedness never pays for long. I myself expect to be found out one of these days.

"The Great Name" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre: Sketched by Norman Morrow

The heroine is called O Hana San, and is represented by Miss Florence Smithson, who if called by any other name would sing just as sweetly. From the musical point of view, I suppose Miss Smithson's singing is the feature of the play. The wonderful top-note that was heard only once in *The Arcadians* is introduced three times into the present play. It is the kind of entrancing note that one expects the nightingales will sing in the leafy groves of Paradise, and when I have said that I think I have said all. I fancy the note depends for its complete success on the softness with which it gradually dies away; but on the night of my visit the audience were so taken with it that they began to applaud too soon, and, consequently, the last few trills were a dead waste of effort as far as the majority of us were concerned. I thought myself it was a pity, though I admit that the overwhelming excitement was quite natural under the circumstances. Besides, some people like to appear to be the first to applaud a good thing. It shows a nicer artistic discrimination than the majority of the audience are likely to possess; and even if you do happen now and again to applaud in the wrong place, you can always pretend that you were betrayed by your emotion or something of that sort. Having no special gift of discernment in this direction myself, I usually wait to see what other people do, and with a good and reliable lead I can often become quite indecorously enthusiastic.

O Hana San (whose name sounds like a bottle of scent) is very much in love with the hero. When she hears that he has lost three thousand yen at cards, and will be disgraced if he cannot redeem his I.O.U., she redeems it for him by selling herself for the sum in question to the proprietor of a Tea-house, in which she becomes a Geisha. My lack of familiarity with the social life of Japan does not enable me rightly to appreciate the magnitude of the lady's sacrifice; but it seems clear that in taking this step she has lost the respect of the neighbours. Doctors are never tired of pointing out that tea-drinking is bad for us; and I begin to suspect that I now know the reason why. I seem to remember a shop in Bond Street where tea was served very discreetly. That, however, is, of course, neither here nor there. The point is that as soon as O Hana San has become a public entertainer the villain calls at the Tea-house and humiliates her by making her sing and dance to amuse his friends. Some villains are so extremely inconsiderate. The Tea-house scene, like all the others in the play, is extremely beautiful; but, unlike the others, it takes a "curtain" all to itself. At the close of the second act there is an earthquake, and the lovely Tea-house, with the rest of the scenery,

THE MOUSMÉ AT THE SHAFTESBURY

MR HARRY WELCHMAN AS CAPTAIN FUJIWARA

DAN ROLYAT AS "SUKI"

MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS "O HANA SAN"

MR GEORGE HESTOR AS HASHIMOTO

SOME MORE ROLYAT MOVEMENTS

The scene of the latest musical comedy is laid in Japan. This has been done before, as, no doubt, the producers are aware. But Japan having been tried and found satisfactory, why not Japan for ever. It is a country, justly regarded as picturesque, whose male inhabitants (from the musical-comedy point of view) may be represented by comic acrobats

MR NELSON KEYS AS "LIEUT. MAKEI"

BY NORMAN MORROW

falls in an untidy heap on the ground, a sensational ending which gives the act an interest it might not otherwise have possessed. I have seen one or two plays lately which could have been improved by having a really good earthquake in the middle.

Mr. Dan Rolyat is, as before, the humorist of the piece. In the present play he is a fortune-teller, and he is also in business as a street-corner letter-writer for the illiterate. He is assisted in the humour department by Mr. Harry Ray, who is an eccentric dancer of the very best kind. Mr. Ray takes the part of Tanaka, a journalist; though why a journalist should be supposed to be an expert dancer I do not know, unless he may be assumed to have acquired exceptional agility from being so frequently kicked down the stairs of newspaper offices. Another humorist who will doubtless grow upon the Shaftesbury patrons is Mr. George Hestor, who takes the part of Hashimoto, the keeper of the Tea-house hereinbefore referred to. Hashimoto gets a good deal of fun out of the plainness of his features, and he has at least one song which is capable of running as long as the play itself, with the usual alterations from time to time to ensure topicality. Miss Ada Blanche and Miss Cicely Courtneidge are both well suited with parts, and contribute a good deal to the undoubted success of Mr. Robert Courtneidge's latest venture. *The Mousmé* is likely to be popular with lovers of musical comedy, who seem to be the only reliable section of the theatre-going public left for managers to reckon with.

"The Great Name" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre: Sketched by Norman Morrow

"THE GREAT NAME" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

Mr. Charles Hawtrey has now taken to writing his own plays. *The Great Name* is an adaptation from the German, but it seems to have lost a little of its original quality in the course of its journey to London. The idea, too, is not altogether new. It voices the old complaint that the great artist who produces masterpieces can never be so successful in material things as the mere producer of light and evanescent work. I have often heard the complaint myself, but I have never attached much importance to it. In the present play Mr. Hawtrey is the "great" John Harcourt, a composer of popular waltzes and musical comedies which have brought him much prosperity. Robert Brand, however, is a composer of sonatas and masterpieces of that sort, but he cannot get a hearing, since people will not listen to the work of a man who is unknown. This part is represented finely and with appropriate dismalness by Mr. James Hearn. For the sake of an old friend, or something of that sort, the great Harcourt consents to pass the great work off as his own, in order that it may get a hearing; and then at the close of the triumphantly successful performance he confesses that the master musician is not himself, but Robert Brand.

All of which is not very convincing; but Mr. Hawtrey's amazing energy and resource succeed in galvanising something very like life into the play. He compels attention all the while, even though one marvels that he should be able to make so much out of so little. The gem of the piece is Mr. Arthur Playfair's rendering of the part of Isaac Manhard, an enterprising Hebrew music-publisher, always on the look-out for bargains. More than once the roars of laughter that followed one of his sallies brought the play to a momentary standstill, and I should doubt if Mr. Playfair has ever done any better work. Another finely played part is that of a librettist, admirably represented in the best light comedy manner by Mr. Ronald Squire, whose love-making scenes with Miss Enid Leslie, a pretty and accomplished young actress, are extremely pleasing and dainty.

One of the principal jokes of the piece is the inability of the great Harcourt to get away from the music of his most successful waltz. It is played in his honour at houses which he visits, and it is a stock feature of the barrel-organ industry. Harcourt's dread of encountering his own composition is so well emphasised that the sudden and tempestuous performance of the famous waltz by a brass band in the street makes quite a dramatic curtain for the second act. The "curtain" is amusing for the moment, but it does not give one the impression that it is of very much help to the play. The scene in which this dramatic interruption occurs is a sitting-room in the poorly furnished home of Robert Brand, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Hawtrey has not been led away in his ideas of mounting by the new school of art-realists. It is true that the sitting-room is as large as the stage itself—a circumstance that does not suggest very acute poverty; but I see no sense in deliberately harrowing the feelings with a too realistic picture. The new school would, no doubt, have reduced the sitting-room to a quarter of its present size, and have had at least one broken chair in it. Myself, however, I think the ends of art are quite adequately served by Mr. Hawtrey's methods, and I hope his latest venture will bring him success in all respects.

JINGLE

Perplexer of Her Husband (on the Stage)

THE LEADING LADY IN MR. SUTRO'S NEW PLAY

Camera Portrait by *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS ATHÈNE SEYLER IN A PERPLEXED PLAY AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

Everybody finds it difficult to be understood in "The Perplexed Husband," played for the first time on Tuesday last, except the audience. Everybody else's embarrassment provided an excellent evening's entertainment for them. The character played by Mr. du Maurier is perplexed largely because he is a husband, his sister is perplexed on his account, and his relations on theirs. Miss Athène Seyler plays the wife, and if she is perplexed she certainly does not show it in this picture

The Straight Path—Vi

THE KAPELLBRÜCK

Economy caused the Swiss thus to erect the winding bridge at Lucerne over the Reuss, and reverence for their national saints made them embellish it with holy pictures. Inside the covered way is a gallery of paintings from saintly lives pointing a straight ethereal way in a crooked work of man's hands. Farther along the Reuss is the "Death Bridge," just such

a the Crooked Bridge

KE AT LUCERNE

another curious structure as the Kapellbrücke. This also contains paintings by early Masters, dealing with "The Dance of Death." Hence the name of the bridge. The most important historical monument on the Reuss is the tower, Lucerna, used by the Romans as a lighthouse. From this tower Lucerne derives its name

The Plea of a Rebel Princess

Louisa of Tuscany Endeavours to Explain Herself

H.I.H. PRINCESS LOUISA OF TUSCANY

Louisa of Tuscany.

Sometime Saxon Crown Princess and at the moment of going to press still Signora Toselli
Photograph Dover Street Studios
Reproduced by kind permission from "My Own Story" (Eveleigh Nash)

An Appeal for Sympathy

THAT Louisa of Saxony will occupy a high place in the Royal romance of the twentieth century is undeniable. If we are to believe her own account (*My Own Story*. E. Nash: 10*s*. 6*d*.), the Saxon people have already enshrined her in their hearts as "Our Louisa," and share entirely the errant ex-Crown Princess's own view of herself and her hatred of her persecutors — their own Royal family.

If *My Own Story* is, however, to be taken as the text-book on the subject, I fear Europe will not share the writer's acute sympathy for herself, nor shall we agree that her sufferings have been in any way undeserved. No doubt the Saxon Royal family is dull, and no doubt Jesuitical influence is a shocking thing about a Court, but when Louisa of Tuscany married Frederick August of Saxony (having declined with contempt Ferdinand of Bulgaria) she knew precisely what she was letting herself in for. She knew she had the Hapsburg temperament, and that her husband was a good stolid young German. During her life in Dresden the Princess seems to have indulged in liberal "friendships"—this she clearly admits, as well as the fact that she was the sufferer from hysteria or psycho-neurosis.

"At certain crises in our lives," she says of her Hapsburgs, "we are seized by abnormal and slumbering forces which temporarily create neurotic disturbances, under the influence of which we commit acts of impulse that frequently have lifelong consequences."

Psycho-Neurosis

Very sad, no doubt. But, this being the case, the last thing a Hapsburg should expect is the enthusiastic admiration of the ultra-respectable. In ordinary life, the sensible psycho-neurotic doesn't expect it, and doesn't grumble if he or she doesn't get it. If fated to live among the ultra-respectable, one keeps one's psycho-neurosis under the strictest surveillance, and is hysterical, or eccentric, or whatever else it is called, only in circumstances of the strictest secrecy. The sufferer is always alive to the fact that detection in psycho-neurosis spells ruin, and, though indignant with Justice when it comes, is not surprised.

License Not Allowed

The amusing thing about Princess Louisa is that she *is* surprised, still, at what happened to her in Dresden. She seems to have expected that the dull and very Catholic minds of the Saxon Royal family would have allowed her endless license. This shows an optimism which is all to her credit. But the reader of this story, sympathise he with her never so much, will not share it. One may write Louisa down among the martyrs of the age of psychic persecution, but that she is the victim of mere personal and political spite nobody save herself will admit. It seems to me that the Saxon Royal family acted towards her exactly as any ordinary family would towards an over-eccentric member. Really it is surprising that sympathy should be asked for. It would have been much more impressive had "Our Louisa" been quite candid about herself. For that she *is* a little trying, even poor Signor Toselli seems, from the papers, to have discovered by now.

The Kaiser and Franz-Ferdinand

As to the book itself, its interest lies chiefly in the small pen-portraits the author makes of personages very much of present interest. The Kaiser she describes as—

> A most remarkable man. He can be very genial, but he possesses an iron and inflexible will. He is vain, and always wishes to be the first actor in whichever drama he plays, and although he is an undoubted authority on military matters, he understands little or nothing about art or music, and his wonderful gifts are marred by his intense egoism. He can be equally charming or the reverse, and the reverse is not at all pleasant.

Louisa's kinsman, Franz-Ferdinand of Austria, about whom political talk is so busy these days, has, she is sure

> no wish for hostilities with any nation; at any rate, when I knew him he was the most non-political personage

possible. I saw him just before his marriage with the clever Countess Chotek, and he took no pains to conceal from me how distasteful to him was the idea of becoming Emperor. "I prefer shooting," he said, "and I like a quiet life; I never *could* be worried with politics." I have heard that since his marriage, Franz-Ferdinand has been entirely dominated by the Jesuits, that his health is precarious, and that he is looked upon by his doctors as a consumptive. Two years ago he went to Egypt, and was supposed to return "cured," but I hear rumours that he is again suffering from lung trouble.

The author gives us her own version of the circumstances of the death of the Crown Prince

"My Husband: King Frederick August of Saxony"

"My Three Boys: (left to right) Iury, Erni, and Tia" (May, 1909)

Rudolph, which does not differ from the current view that he was killed by a blow from a champagne bottle at the hands of a jealous mistress, and she shares the belief that "John Orth" is alive and will reappear when Francis Joseph ("a very ordinary old man") dies.

Why John Left Home

The real reason which, it appears, caused John to leave Vienna was wounded pride arising from a stubborn, unyielding will which would not brook any contradiction.

Uncle John said in his bold way that he would leave the army and the Court rather than be dictated to, and he concluded by declaring that he did not care in the least whether he was a member of the Imperial House. A storm followed this rank apostasy, and my uncle, in a fit of ungovernable rage, tore off his Order of the Golden Fleece and flung it at the Emperor.

After this unpardonable insult, the Archduke wrote to the Emperor saying that he was about to leave Austria for ever, and that he renounced all his titles and dignities, and desired to be known henceforth as "John Orth." Francis-Joseph promptly replied that he was free to adopt any name he pleased, but that, once he had quitted Austria, he would be immediately arrested as a renegade if ever he attempted to recross the frontier.

There is quoted a most interesting chapter from a medical treatise explaining the psychology of the Hapsburgs, and why they do as they do.

Maternal Duty Forsooth!

In conclusion, the Princess seems to be a vain, hysterical woman, capable of no very great depth of feeling, and as to her much-

"My Daughters: The Princesses Margaret, Maria-Alix, and Anna-Monica"

"My Youngest Daughter: Princess Anna-Monica of Saxony"

vaunted and oft-repeated love for her children, if it exists, as she says it does, the British mind will quite fail to understand the way in which she showed it in action. The action of the Princess in choosing as the time for her flight the months preceding the birth of Princess Monica, thus compromising not only herself but the whole future of the unborn child, is difficult to reconcile with accepted ideas of maternal affection and responsibility. However, the Princess has at length had her way, and gained her freedom from the servitude of rank. One cannot have the best of two worlds—or, should I say, a world and a half?

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The Road to Mandalay: Its Popularity Explained

Photograph *Johanns, Mandalay*

TYPES OF BURMESE BEAUTY AS REVEALED IN THE CHORUS OF A BURMESE COMIC OPERA AT MANDALAY

"On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin'-fishes play." Mr. Rudyard Kipling has immortalised Mandalay for us, and it is difficult to disconnect it from the rhyme about "the flyin'-fishes." Now we know that there are other and much more attractive players at the Eastern city. The exquisite beauty and grace of the Burmese maidens in our photograph puts to shame our musical-comedy choruses, and will probably be a hint to London managers where to go to find the much-needed note of novelty

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CHERCHEZ L'HOMME

BY MARGARET LARMINIE

"ONE does lead a fearful life, doesn't one?" sighed Melita, with a suspicion of complacence.

"One certainly seems to," said I, severely. "And it's time one stopped."

"The use of the word 'one,'" said Melita, thoughtfully, "is somewhat paradoxical. For the proper leading of a fearful life, surely 'two' must be involved?"

"Two, or more," I agreed.

"The more the fearfuller. Sam, do you really disapprove?"

"Heartily," said I, sulkily, and frowned at her pretty face, wherein I saw disbelief. "Honestly," I added.

The pretty face grew troubled. "But what can I do about it, Sam?"

"Do nothing. That's just it—you do too much."

"Is passivity more—moral?"

"Well, there you have me," said I, shrugging, for it's a nice question.

"Because I can't go into a convent, can I?" said she, as if that explained matters.

"My indignation won't stretch to the picture, certainly. But doubtless there's a happy medium."

"I don't believe I should find it happy," said Melita, ruefully, looking at me with her head on one side.

"Have you any particular authority," I inquired cynically, "for expecting to be happy?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Melita, jumping out of her garden chair, "don't let's enter into that side of the discussion! Let's be jolly, and pretend we're expected to be happy!"

For my part, at the moment I could have found an excellent substitute for the real thing by taking her in my arms and kissing that foolish mouth that said so many foolish things its owner didn't mean. But while Melita continues to make me the confidant of her love affairs, what is the use of intruding my own upon her? So I said, "Yes, let's pretend."

If it were only pretence, then Melita possessed the gift of make-believe to an astonishing and most enviable degree. For I have seldom had the pleasure—the sort of pleasure that catches one's breath in a sigh—of witnessing so complete a picture of happiness as she presented during those lazy summer weeks that I spent under the same roof with her. So palpable—so flagrant, one might almost say—was it, indeed, that the household made it the subject of a certain amount of comment, in which discussions I was often a reluctant participant. Naturally, the extreme buoyancy of her spirits and the more than usual radiance of her looks could admit of but one interpretation in the eyes of the more or less casual observer. In fact, Mrs. Lutworth's laughing "Cherchez l'homme!" was the predominant idea. For myself—with the exception of moments of a speculation of a different sort, when my jealousy-searching eyes detected a certain hardness—akin, in my ready imagination, to recklessness—beneath the brilliance—I indulged in conjectures, in a sort of cheerful gloom, as to what particular masculine back, in juxtaposition to Melita's, I should ultimately have the privilege of gazing at for some thirty minutes or so from an unprominent pew in St. George's Church, Hanover Square. . . .

Oddly enough, even to me—sight and perception more than ordinarily alert where she was concerned—even to me it was by no means obvious where her preference lay. Of the half-dozen reasonably possible men in the house at that time, each was equally—on the surface—ready to die, or be married, for her sake—each, so it seemed, received an equal share of her generous, large-hearted favour. Each one of these supposed aspirants had been present on various occasions when the subject of Melita's happiness and affections had appeared in the conversation, and each had failed signally to hide his self-consciousness and embarrassment!—to the joy of the beholder.

I must confess to a certain amount of pique resulting from the fact that on no occasion, that I'm aware of, did anyone trouble furtively to observe my countenance for similar symptoms of uneasiness. Forty is a very tolerable age, I find, and the fact of one's possessing a motherless girl of twelve does not necessarily preclude one from all possibilities of a second marriage. I suppose the careless intimacy and frank affectionateness of Melita's manner towards me disarmed suspicion. Anyhow, I'm fairly certain that it never momentarily occurred to anyone to accuse me of being the cause of Melita's exuberance of spirit. Nor, I'm bound to say, did it occur to me. My feeling for her was one of those tiresome, unvarying, unobtrusive, untiring, unreasonable sorts of affection which occasionally fasten on more or less harmless individuals, to their perpetual discomfort. It hadn't occurred to me to mention it to her; I preferred not to disturb our very charming friendship, and as to actually asking her to marry me—well, I should have been sorry to have committed such an error of judgment, as it would have seemed to me. Nearly all rejected proposals of marriage imply an error of judgment, for which reason, as much as for the rejection, the proposer suffers. Such rejection is a snub to his intelligence.

Melita herself confirmed this statement about a month after the conversation I have recorded. We were sitting on a heather-capped hill one late afternoon, when the sun was declining upon a belt of fir trees at the edge of the world. Heather is a deceptive and treacherous thing if one anticipates a luxurious couch; there is nearly always a lurking patch of gorse close at hand to disillusionise one. Melita, on this occasion, had been rudely undeceived by leaning one hand firmly among the prickles, and I was required to extract the vicious little spikes that had clung to

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her palm. Melita's mind wandered, as is usually the case, from the matter in hand—painful matter though it must have been at the moment!—and she asked a question. "Isn't a person rather stupid, Sam, who asks a person to marry them when they have no reason to suppose they'll say anything but no?"

"Melita, Melita! O, wasted education!"

"I like bad grammar. Do attend to me, Sam dear. Isn't a person rather stupid——"

I interrupted. "A person's a damn fool," I concurred. "And I'd rather be anything but that."

Melita, possibly scenting a personal application, regarded me across her uplifted palm with which I was still busy. "Just as I thought, so I feel more sorry for them, and yet less sorry, if you understand."

"As far as you're concerned," I objected rather grimly, "I'm prepared to swear any one of them has reason enough to excuse his folly."

Melita sighed. "You're always so stern with me, Sam."

The last thorn was extracted. But I held her hand the more firmly. "You little devil," said I, deliberately, "who are you going to marry."

"Stern and brutal," amended Melita softly, gazing into space.

I shook her, gently but decidedly. "Tell me!"

"And violent!" sighed Melita, turning reproachful eyes upon me.

I had a sudden revulsion of feeling; it made me drop her hand and draw away from her. "I don't believe you seriously consider anybody's feelings but your own," I remarked stiffly, in genuine disapproval.

To my astonishment, she caught my hand again between her own, and her face quivered piteously. "Oh, Sam!" she cried, "Oh, Sam, don't be angry with me—not you . . ."

"My dear little girl! What's amiss? I'm not angry, really—but you're—irritating, disappointing, sometimes. . . . Don't worry, dear child—is that all?"

"All? Oh, Sam, I'm so horribly miserable." She dropped her face in her hands.

Sheer astonishment and incredulity held me momentarily silent. In all the ten years that I had known her I had never seen her cry.

The country lay, purple-clad in the sinking sun, bare and deserted about us. I put my arm round her and drew her against me. "There, poor child, there—there—" was all my stupid, stirred heart could find to say. But presently, "Tell me the trouble, Melita," I suggested.

"You'll think me horrible."

"I think not, little girl."

"Whatever it is?"

"Nothing you could do, Melita"—my voice refused to go on.

"Sure, Sam?"

"Quite sure. . . . Tell me. Whatever it is I'll help you. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

She drew a long breath. "It's—Francis Ripon."

I was certainly taken aback. Ripon was a man of about my own age, with a handsome wife, one of the finest horsewomen of her time, in whom he was popularly supposed to be entirely absorbed, as far as other women were concerned. My imagination in its wildest flights had never included him among Melita's many admirers.

"Ripon?" I repeated at last. "Melita, do you mean he's fond of you?"

"He wants me"—her breath caught—"to go away."

"He wants that, does he? He's asked you to go?"

"Yes."

"What—what did you say to him?"

She was silent, her face pressed against my shoulder. Her hands had dropped, clasped, to my knee.

"Tell me."

"Oh, Sam—I want to go."

My heart shook in sudden rage, pity, and love for her. And then it died momentarily, recognising the futility of its hope. After a time, I said, "Poor little girl!"

"You're not angry?"

"How can I be angry with you, Melita? It's not your fault!"

"Isn't it?" The shadow of her happy laugh broke out shortly. "It's always my fault. You've told me so yourself."

"You mustn't take everything I say quite seriously. But you know best, anyhow. Did you—try to make him like you?"

"I—I think I did. He seemed so—unapproachable—invulnerable—had no eyes for anyone but his wife. It hurt my conceit."

"So you tried your powers on him."

"He knows I tried. I've tried for two years, Sam. Can you believe it of me—the child you're fond of? And for a long time I could do nothing—then—I saw a change—but he still held out. Then, from liking him—being fascinated—I grew so fond of him—so miserably fond. And somehow that finished it. Sam, dear, are you hating me? Have I fallen utterly in your eyes?"

"There's no question of that, between us, Melita. Let's keep to the point. What have you said to this—magnificent proposal of his?"

"Of course, you're blaming him, Sam. I knew you would. Blame me—it's all my fault."

"What have you said, Melita?"

"I haven't—decided."

"Oh, yes, you have," said I. "There's no question. You know there isn't. You've got to chuck it, Melita."

"It's so easy to say so," she said listlessly.

"It's easy to do. It only needs a bit of a rush! Do it to-night, after dinner. And then give him no chance to persuade you. These things are much easier than you'd think, though they seem so damn difficult. I know, my dear—I've been through them myself—and one comes out the other side. Why, Ripon's leaving in two days' time—I heard him say so. Once he's gone—alone—the thing's over."

Melita laughed in irritated hopelessness, just as I expected. "Over! My dear Sam, do you know?"

The insolence of her four-and-twenty years to my forty! The blindness of her as she rested in the arms that had ached for her for six years. "Oh, I think I know," said I, sighing. "Anyhow, it's got to be done. And when he's gone you must marry someone else."

"Sam!"

"As soon as possible, my dear."

"Who, please?" she jeered.

"Me," said I, humbly.

A faint, far sound came to us from beyond the pine trees. "That," I added prosaically, "is the dressing-

(Continued on page 605)

Home-Coming from the Holidays

(AS SEEN BY OUR JAPANESE ARTIST, R. ARAI)

(1) She came back from seaside her face so dark that uncle and aunt very surprised because they think strangers
(2) After a minute they faint
(3) She very lazy becaus: her master absent
(4) Master come back holiday very surprised amount business waiting
(5) Many ladys preparation clothes
(6) Lady standing front of clothing store. Very envy about clothes
(7) Poor lady they summer clothes bring to the pawn and change for winter clothes
(8) Getting very cold so flies died by and by
(9) Coal man very pleasant because by and by sell much coal
(10) Actress actor preparation for play season

(Continued from page 604)

bell. We have now to return to the commonplaces of life. But before we go, promise what I ask."

"To—marry—you?" said Melita.

"Just that, little girl."

Her face quivered afresh. "Oh, Sam, why didn't you ask me before—long ago? It would have saved me from this."

"How would it have saved you?"

She looked up at me in frank surprise. "I should have married you," she said.

"You would? And if you had—you'd still have known Ripon."

She laughed scornfully. "He'd never have stolen me from you, Sam."

"But he has, damn him!" said I, suddenly savage. "Well, I'll steal you back again. Is it too late, Melita? Can't I win you even now? Good Lord, child, you wouldn't have been happy—not for more than a week. The world's too much to you, friends too necessary. Take the second best. I'm willing to be second. But I'd spend my life trying to qualify for first place. I was first once. When you'd have married me, did you love me?"

"I did—awfully, Sam. But it seemed so hopeless—you treated me like a child."

"If," I suggested grimly, "you had brought the same powers to bear upon me that you expended on Ripon I might, in time, have been induced to give way to you! Melita, Melita, I've loved you—wanted you—for years."

Her hand trembled in mine. "Oh, Sam, take me away from here—take me right away."

"I'll take you anywhere on God's earth you like. We can be married next week. Will you, Melita?"

"If you really wish it—really want me. You'll be good to me—make me forget him?—keep me safe and good?"

I'll have a damn good try," said I.

. . . . . .

In the hall we ran into Ripon, just returned from riding. Melita paused at my side. "Guess, Mr. Ripon!" said she, lightly.

"Conundrums?" said he. "I hate 'em. What's the answer?"

"I'm going to marry Sam," said she, and took me by the arm.

He looked at the pair of us gravely for a moment, speculation in his gaze. Then, "I think you're a wise young woman," said he, pleasantly, and held out his hand to me. "My very best congratulations!"

MARGARET L. ARMINIE

Photograph *Alec J. Braid*

THE GOLDEN PATHWAY TO BRITTANY

English visitors have the choice of many routes to Brittany, by sea to Brest or St. Malo, by train from Paris, or by a long journey round the coast "en auto" from Calais. Aviators have only the Golden Pathways of the sun; and probably on such an effect as the above the tourist-airship passengers of the next decade will obtain their first glimpse of Brittany. The scene is from the rocks off St. Guenole on the South Coast of Brittany

After a Drive in the Highlands

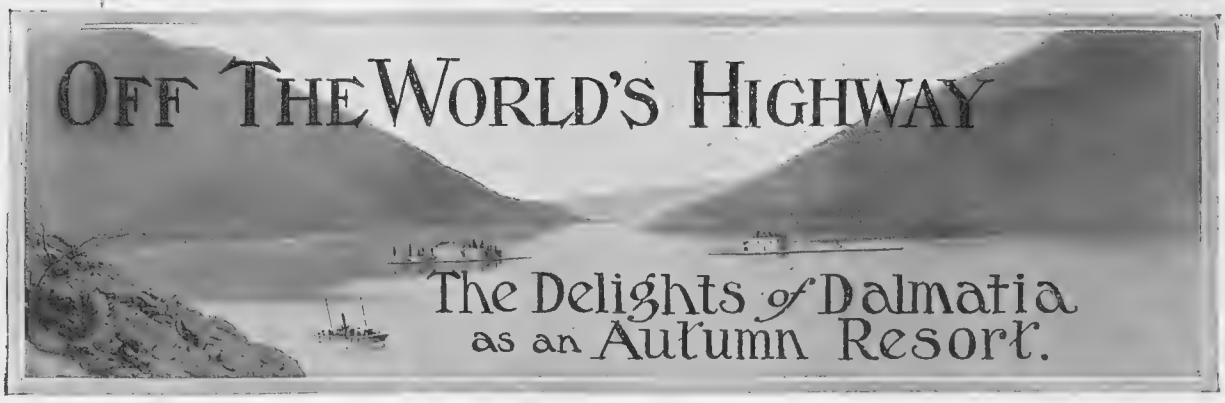
A CHAT WHILE THE GROUSE ARE PICKED UP

Photograph *Sport and General*

The intervals that break up the strenuous work of shooting the driven birds are always most enjoyable. The Highland pony in our picture probably carries something in the nature of cooling drinks in his panniers, and the opportunity afforded of discussing one's shooting, or the plentifulness or scarcity of birds, is always eagerly welcomed. Photographed at Lord Aberdare's grouse shoot, Kinrara, Aviemore, N.B.

Off The World's Highway

The Delights of Dalmatia as an Autumn Resort.



Perasto, showing the Curious Island Citadels in the Bay

The Fringe of Oriental Broidery

It is a journey of weary record to Zara, the Portal of the Orient and the Gateway of Dalmatia. For hours you sail a barren and rocky coast, past gloomy islands, by fierce cliffs and headlands, and through a shallow, treacherous sea. But the green oasis at Zara which awaits you is worth almost any journey. Tall, waving palms, exotic blossom, ruins and monuments that are poems in stone, soothe memories of stuffy cabins and ill-cooked viands. For you are on the first fringe of Oriental broidery, where gilded West and prosaic East merge into the other. It is Dalmatia. It is Europe's oldest and newest Riviera.

Reminiscences of Every Civilisation

Zara is a replica of every city in the region. Every nation and every civilisation has set its seal at every street-corner. Corinthian columns from the Greeks, Byzantine ruins from the Turks, Venetian forts and castles, and Roman and Russian palaces and monuments tell of conquerors and conquered, of old nations dying and of new nations rising in their place. They are faces of an armed nation are the scowling, swarthy visages which greet you in the street. Ten centuries of tyranny and misrule, of pride and aggression, have taught the people the value of cold steel and a stiff upper-lip. He is no poltroon is the Dalmatian. His swords and his daggers, his guns and his chased silver pistols are for no purpose of ornament.

Opera-Bouffé Peasants

A brave show do these stage brigands make against the background of sombre ruin. Scarlet and gold, silver and blue form a vivid symphony of colour in streets of tiny grey shops; each man vies with the other in colour and in fierceness. Their women slouch by, bearing burdens and harnessed to carts. At the ground are their eyes constantly fixed. They are poor, drab creatures. As soon as they are old enough to hack and carry they are married. They resemble Red Indian women in cheap gaudery.

Red Mullet and Sparkling Muscatel

There are two fair hotels in the town; and there, for probably the first time, you will taste red mullet and orada and great sea-perch. There you will sip the muscatel of Almissa and the maraschino of Sebenico. There fruits will be served in such profusion as will amaze you. Peaches of wonderful size and delicacy are there, and pears and figs. One of the hotels has an orchard at the back of the house, and you may savour honey gathered by the hotelier's bees.

The Colossal Palace of Diocletian

It is not a long sail by steamer on to Spalato. In the harbour the ship threads its way through a picturesque crowd of orange boats, through fishing boats, and round, perhaps, a great liner or two laden with tourists. It is the busiest port of Dalmatia, and Spalato likes you to know it. On the seashore is the huge grey palace of Diocletian, swarming like a hive with merchants and shops and markets.

The Vivid East

It is the vivid East at last when you arrive at Ragusa, for cut-throats and picturesque brigands crowd the streets as in no other part of the world. The merchants in black cloth and fustian of Zara have gone. The semi-civilised peasantry have disappeared. The East in all its magic colouring, the whole East and nothing but the East is Ragusa. You enter the city by the Porta Pile. It is a broad, ivy-covered gateway, with stones hacked and battered by war. Around are scenes of the Middle Ages, noble ruins and motley beggars, clanking sabres and strange Oriental costumes. Ragusa boasts the best hotel accommodation on the coast, and the finest excursions by sea in Europe.

A Replica of Norway

Around Cattaro is a replica of fjord and rugged cliff of Norway. But once the threatening seas have been crossed, there is a green and smiling land again awaiting you. There are more wonderful ruins, there are more grey Turkish forts and Venetian castles, and there are, too, woodlands and forests. But the region boasts few roads. Most of the tracks from the town are mere goat-paths leading to impossible cliffs and gullies.

Sport in Dalmatia

In the north very excellent chamois-shooting is had around the wild Velebit Mountains, and in the Dinarske Alps a bear or two may sometimes be brought down. Fishing is good and plentiful almost everywhere along the coast, even spermaceti whales being numbered among the finny tribesmen. In the Sea of Novogad tunny fish as large as fully grown children are caught by the net. Then in the Zara region are myriads of wild-fowl on the salt marshes. And everywhere on the mountains wild goat may be shot in great numbers. Yet, generally speaking, the country is not sufficiently wooded to afford shelter to much wild life. As a final word, Abazzia is the best headquarters for Dalmatia. It is a delightful resort, and it is near Fiume, whence ply steamers to Dalmatia and to Italian resorts on the Adriatic.

MALCOLM TREACHER

Rival Queens of the Eastern Adriatic

CATTARO FROM THE SOUTH

RAGUSA FROM THE SEA

ANOTHER VIEW OF CATTARO FROM THE SOUTH

Wild and rugged is the scene around Cattaro, resembling more a Norwegian fjord that had lost its way in the creation than a land breathing the languid voluptuousness of the South. It is one of the strongest naval ports of Dalmatia and the most rising city in the region. Ragusa, on the other hand, though bearing evidence of decay in every street, is more favoured by tourists. It is known as the City of Roses and Orange-blossoms

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

A Fine Romance

In these days of carelessly compiled, or, on the other hand, complicated fiction, it is a pleasure to read a book which is at once a fine, simple romance and a distinguished piece of prose-writing. Mr. Louis Vance's *No Man's Land* (Grant Richards: 6*s*.) is just such a book. The story itself is most exciting. Garrett Coast—what curious names these Americans have!—is wrongfully accused of shooting a man over the card-table. The real murderer is one Blackstock, a strange, weak-eyed, powerful brute of a man, himself the host on this occasion. There is one other witness, but he is a weak wretch under Blackstock's thumb. On their evidence Coast is condemned, and Blackstock marries Katherine Thaxter, a rich woman with whom Coast was in love.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MR. ALFRED SUTRO, THE FAMOUS DRAMATIST

Author of "The Perplexed Husband," now being played at Wyndham's Theatre

So far, perhaps, the story proceeds upon somewhat orthodox lines. It is only after Coast's release from prison—the one independent witness having recanted—that the romance proper begins. For reasons of expediency, the real cause for Coast's pardon is kept a secret; his friends are endeavouring to bring the real murderer, who has disappeared with his wife, to justice. Coast himself has nothing to do but to enjoy his freedom. He buys a small catboat, and sails off in search of—nothing at all. Immediately he is whirled into the middle of an adventure. From the deck of a boat near to his own a man is thrown overboard after a silent struggle in the moonlight. Coast rescues the man, and so finds a crew in the person of Melchisedec Appleyard, surely one of the most engaging secret-service men America ever possessed. Appleyard is a philosopher with an outlook which Mr. W. J. Locke might envy. He is excellent company, not only for Coast, but also for the reader. And he is, it appears, after a gang of smugglers.

Fog and an Island

There comes up a dense fog, and by a curious accident the catboat is taken altogether out of her course. Coast and his crew of one come to a small island, No Man's Land, one of those mysterious places where anything may happen. Coast discovers the body of a murdered man, and a blind dog howling miserably. Later he watches this man's ghastly funeral, and the grave is dug by—Blackstock. It is surely a pardonable coincidence. Blackstock is here with his wife and some Chinese servants and a wireless apparatus. He is the head of the gang for which Appleyard is searching. To add to the horror of the thing, he is now blind. This gives the detective an idea. He is able to read a message sent to the mainland. The dead man was a former assistant; another is required. Coast is to disguise his voice and take the new man's place. This he is able to do. At first Katherine is horror-struck, thinking him the murderer; later she is tormented by doubt; her husband has ill-treated her, and Coast is an old friend whom she had always known for a chivalrous gentleman. She is called on to choose between the two. At the same time Coast himself is surprisingly disarmed by the blind man, and lives in that tense atmosphere of danger which so few writers can describe within reasonable

The Disobedient Daughter

IN HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S LATEST SOCIAL COMEDY

Photograph] MISS GLADYS COOPER [*Portman Studios*

Who is now playing Sylvia Fawsitt in "The Ogre" at the St. James's Theatre, is a pretty and spirited young actress. She plays the part of a disobedient daughter, who, under an assumed name, publishes a notorious novel. A love affair saves her from any further independent flights

limits. But Mr. Vance has a sure pen, and things happen quickly on this island of his. The terrible moment comes when Coast learns that his enemy's blindness had been assumed; all the time the man had recognised him and played with him. But Appleyard, like the good man he is, comes to Coast's assistance. Blackstock, half-killed by the blind dog, which had belonged to his murdered assistant, dies, and Coast is able to carry off his beloved to the outer world. The story is fine enough, but this is not all. There is a delicate beauty running through every sentence in the book. Mr. Vance has watched the sea with loving eyes, and knows all its mysteries. He sees things in his own way, and allows a weird splendour to filter through even his more commonplace descriptions. There is a distinction in his work. And Appleyard is a person to remember.

The Problem Novel—At Its Best

"Man being imperfect, laws must be made. Man being imperfect, laws must be broken or ever new laws will be made. Winnie Maxon had broken a law and asked a question. When thousands do the like, the Giant, after giving the first-comer a box on the ear, may at least put his hand to his own, and ponderously consider." So ends Anthony Hope's new novel, *Mrs. Maxon Protests* (Methuen: 6*s*.). We have become accustomed to the idea of the good woman finding it impossible to follow the law, and are not shocked when Mrs. Maxon, after years of petty quarrels with her husband, pines for freedom. She makes her protest, and the protest takes a practical form. She defies convention, and leaves her husband. She has some cousins who talk loudly against respectability and convention and uphold very wonderful theories and play at acting up to them. They live at a place called Shaylor's Patch. Winnie Maxon goes to them, and meets entertaining people, among them an elderly lady with a past, an Irish journalist, and a young artist, Godfrey Ledstone. She and Ledstone set up house together. To her their new life is a "marriage," to him it is something fine, but not a little disconcerting. The thing cannot last; he is pining for the respectability of his own circle—and he leaves her. The elderly Mrs. Lenoir takes Winnie to live with her, and introduces her to other interesting people, particularly to a dear old General and his son, a Major. In the meantime Mrs. Maxon's husband has obtained his divorce—he is fancying himself in love with another woman—and Winnie is free to marry again. But the Major has to think of the regiment that is shortly to be his. A Colonel's wife must be above suspicion. The General and his son disappear. Mrs. Lenoir dies. Winnie is tiring of her protest; she is utterly weary. The cousins at Shaylor's Patch are sympathetic, and set her up in a cottage close by, and the Irish journalist marries her. A question is stated in the book, but not altogether answered, save in the sentence quoted above, but Anthony Hope sets forth the facts of his case so deftly and with so light and entertaining a touch that his problem may well be left, as the Master of Shaylor's Patch has it, "in solution" rather than be solved outright. The book is full of bright folk, sketched daintily and surely, and there are a host of little sayings of which only Anthony Hope could be the inventor.

"The Notorious Miss Lisle"

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds always writes well, and has always a pleasant story to tell. In *The Notorious Miss Lisle* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s*.) she succeeds in engulfing her heroine in as pretty a mess as could well be conceived. Peter Garstin, after spending six months in Spain, meets the young lady in Brittany. He is probably the only Englishman who has heard nothing of the unfortunate business in which Miss Lisle has been concerned. Somewhat quixotically he proposes, and within a few weeks marries her in Paris. Her family is apparently glad to get rid of this high-spirited girl. But poor Peter discovers on his wedding day that his wife has a past, which is public property. He may be quixotic, but he is not prepared for such a shock, and his wife leaves him. By the unluckiest chance it happens that the very man who——but this is one of those stories which must not be "given away." Peter is not altogether satisfied with this "past," about which everyone can talk so glibly. He makes inquiries of his own—with the happiest results. It is an enjoyable book.

RALPH STRAUS

CRICKET ON THE GOODWINS: BRISK HITTING ON A WET WICKET

By arriving on the Goodwin Sands in time to dodge the tides, a number of visitors from Deal managed to scramble through a game of cricket during the ninety minutes that the sands are daily unsubmerged. The match was between Ladies and Gentlemen, the feature of the play being several fine boundaries, hit into the sea by the ladies

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

"Who'd pride himself on intellect whose use so much depends upon the Gastric Juice."—BYRON.

"We can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the digestion of our food."—ABERNETHY.

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"The complete chewing of all food is the Key that unlocks the door of Health and opens the way to the real Hygienic Life."

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"Science and Physiology teach that digestion of food can only be satisfactorily performed when there is secretion of the digestive juices, and also that there can be no adequate secretion of these juices where there is inflammation, or from any cause an absence of appetite."—DENSMORE.

"Happy is the man who eats only when he hungers and drinks only when he thirsts."

G. B. Cipriani, Fecit **AUTUMN.** *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi*

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.'

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst."—WHITMAN.

"The consequence of indigestion is, that portions of food are kept waiting, untouched by the gastric fluid, until they begin to undergo those changes common to all vegetable and animal matter when placed in a warm, moist, and confined situation, viz., fermentation; the vegetable matter undergoing the acid fermentation and the animal the putrefactive. Strong, healthy stomachs pour out their gastric juice so rapidly and abundantly, that the whole meal is reduced to chyme before the process of putrefaction has had time to begin. . . . . When there is unequivocal disorder in the Liver and digestive organs, it will generally be found that the secretions are unhealthy. They must be daily removed from the alimentary canal in order to take away one source of irritation."—E. JOHNSON. *Life, Health and Disease.*

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The South of Ireland Championship

Following close on the heels of the Irish Open Amateur Championship, the South of Ireland Championship has given Mr. Munn another opportunity of proving that his winning vein is by no means exhausted. By defeating Mr. J. S. Kennedy in the final at Lahinch by 7 and 5 Mr. Munn has won all the Amateur Championships that Ireland provides for the delectation of her own and other countries' players. Mr. Munn again dominated the scene at Lahinch as he had at Portmarnock just previously, and gave his antagonists no chance whatever. Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, and Mr. Munn's game is a wonderful combination of the thing defined and of the definition itself. This is, at golf, as it would be in anything else, a most formidable combination. If a match could now be arranged between Mr. Munn and the Irish Professional Champion it would provide a most interesting event, and I fancy the odds would probably rule a shade in favour of the amateur. The Irish love a sporting event. Here is one ready to their hands if the principals are ready.

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Welsh Amateur Championship at Conway: Mr. H. M. Lloyd, the Winner, Putting at the Fourth Green

The winner is a son of Archdeacon Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and is now at Cambridge University

The Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews

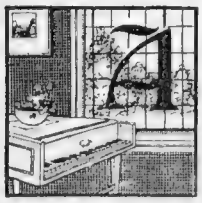
While the Irishmen were fighting it out at Lahinch, the last of the two holiday competitions was being played at St. Andrews. I do not think I shall be far wrong in assuming that, for most critics, the interest in the Jubilee Vase turned on the question whether that great warrior, Mr. de Montmorency, could carry his heavy penalty of four to a victorious issue. Last year, it will be remembered, he equalled the record of Mr. Tait and Mr. Blackwell in winning the Vase with the penalty of three. It would have been, indeed, a marvellous performance if he could have repeated his victory when owing one more stroke. But it was not to be, as Mr. Cheine beat him in the sixth round. Although giving Mr. Cheine a half, Mr. Montmorency looked like surviving. The players were all square and two to play, but the fatal seventeenth hole proved too much for Mr. Montmorency, and he also lost the last hole, where he had to give a stroke. The Vase was eventually won by Mr. Cargill, who, with a handicap of seven, beat Mr. A. H. Laidlay, handicap ten, by 5 and 3 in the final. This is the first time since 1906 that the handicap men have been to the front. In the twenty-five years that this event has existed the Vase has been won fifteen times by scratch or plus men, showing how difficult it is for the handicap men to hold their own with the back-markers. To read, as one did, that the final was played at St. Andrews in pouring rain, and that casual water through the green considerably worried the players, made us poor drought-stricken southerners green with envy. It is to be hoped that, by the time this article appears, St. Andrews will have sent us on some of that blessed and bounteous rain of which she appears to have had enough and to spare. I tremble to think what is going to become of the putting-greens on courses where no water is laid on. Grass is a hardy and enduring plant, but even the hardiest grass is not proof against the tropical sun which has been daily blazing down on it all through this extraordinary summer. But every cloud has its silver lining, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say the hottest sun has its shade. In many cases putting-greens which were in bad shape will now be drastically treated, and, perhaps, even relaid. The player will next year bless the fierce sun of 1911 which consumed the bad greens, and induced committees to lay down fresh ones.

A Correction

Thanks to a correction by Mr. John Low, I find that my article of September 6 on the "West Cheshire" Decision was based on a misapprehension. That decision was given in March, 1910, and Stroke Rule 11 was specially altered to enable the player either to clean his ball or to tee another one. The old version said "a ball so lifted shall be teed." This decision, however, created a hard case, and the rule was amended into its present shape. I ought to have remembered this fact, and to have recognised that the West Cheshire decision was rendered obsolete by the new wording of the rule. I apologise for my mistake, and can only plead as an excuse the difficulty of keeping pace with the alterations of rules which are obviously necessary from time to time.

ERNEST LEHMANN

Furniture: Reproducing the Antique. BY "CURCULIO"



MONG men of taste who are about to furnish we occasionally find an inimical attitude towards reproductions of the antique. They will have the "genuine thing"; or, if it happens so that they cannot afford that, they will have nothing but the frankly modern out of a mistaken sense of loyalty to the old.

When a man sets out to furnish himself a house, his object, in the first place, is to ensure his comfort, and with this desirable quality he will seek to combine a certain beauty to his surroundings. Now the beauty that inhabits eighteenth-century furniture—such as Chippendale, Sheraton, Adams, and Hepplewhite—is by no means dissociable from its age. It lies purely in the grace of its lines and the elegance of its materials, and, given that the production is carried out faithfully in every sense, there is no reason why a reproduction should not make the same appeal to a man's taste as the original itself.

For what, after all, are these so-called originals? Neither more nor less than the execution of the designs of those great furniture designers I have named.

Much misconception springs from the widespread belief that a piece, say, of Chippendale is not genuine unless it was fashioned by the hands of Chippendale—a misconception based upon the idea that Chippendale and his brother artists who have given their names to different styles of Georgian furniture were working cabinet-makers. As a matter of fact, they were designers purely and simply. They published books of their designs for the use of furniture-makers, and the majority of the fine models that survive were achieved by those furniture-makers who employed the most skilful workmen—that is to say, those most skilful at interpretation of the designs placed before them.

Given that a cabinet-maker of to-day be sufficiently skilful, painstaking, and artistic, there is no reason why he should not produce a set of Chippendale chairs, a Sheraton sideboard, or a suite of Adams furniture that is as worthy of being called "genuine" as anything constructed by contemporaries of those designers.

This, perhaps, is much to say; but anyone visiting the showrooms of Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, in the Tottenham Court Road (217-218), will acknowledge the statement amply proven, for there they will have the opportunity of comparing the reproduction of to-day with the models executed a century and a half ago.

In addition to the extraordinary fidelity displayed in their reproductions there is equal care shown in the selection of the materials, so that, when copying a specimen, the work is executed not only in wood of the same nature, but actually in wood that presents as nearly as possible the same grain as the original.

Some idea of what Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher have to offer may be gathered from their extensive catalogue, profusely illustrated by photographs. But no adequate idea can be formed by anything short of a visit to their showrooms.

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Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

Lawn Tennis: Davis Cup Reflections

Well Tried!

It has happened before, and I daresay it may happen again. Most people are agreed that the English team's chance of winning the preliminary tie in the Davis Cup Competition against America was not a great one, and the result has, therefore, been, to use the stereotyped phrase, in accordance with anticipation. Whether our men did better or worse than was expected is a matter of opinion. Personally, I think they did better; but that is by the way. The point is that England has had a go for the Cup, and that even though her representatives have not been successful, they have sustained our reputation for being a nation of triers. We knew when we challenged for the Cup that the best Americans were at least equal to our best, if not better, and that if the match were played in America our men would probably suffer through not being properly acclimatised, but, all the same, we went on with the business. We got a beating, but it was by no means a bad beating, and I for one, though I should have been still better pleased if our side had won, am sufficiently pleased with the result. It means that though beaten we are not disgraced, and that, incidentally, we have helped to grease the wheels of sport. It is better to have played and lost than never to have played at all.

A Clever Slow Bowler: Sketched by Thorpe

A Scotsman by birth, Mr. Bruce Lockhart is also a Cantab, and represented his University at cricket against Oxford in 1909 and 1910. His omission from this year's eleven came as a surprise, for though apt to be expensive, he is a very dangerous bowler at most times. He is also a distinguished Rugby footballer

The Cup and the Continent

We all know that England occupies quite a back seat in lawn tennis nowadays. The nations of the Continent have caught us up and passed us. They can produce better players than we can. Why, then, don't they challenge for the Davis Cup; and if echo answers "why," the rejoinder appears to be that they want things made easier for them. However conscious they may be of their superiority, they don't want to have to go too far afield to prove it. What they would like to see is a rival competition to the Davis, which would always take place in Europe. Let them have it by all means. It will satisfy the people who want everything made handy for them without doing any particular harm, for it will not affect the prestige of the Davis Cup, which carries with it a prescriptive right to the International Championship of Lawn Tennis. Instituted in America, this trophy has been fought for, won, defended, lost, and fought for again, so far in vain, by England, and her efforts to regain it bear eloquent testimony to the value of English perseverance. May she never relax them as long as she can produce three men as good as C. P. Dixon, A. H. Lowe, and A. E. Beamish.

The Men Who Played

As for the match itself, it may once have been a moot point whether we sent our best available team, for there are quite half a dozen men in the United Kingdom between whom there is nothing to choose. But the result shows that the three who were finally selected fully justified their selection. There was no doubt about C. P. Dixon, and the fact that he was within two points of beating the American champion, W. A. Larned, speaks for itself. The selection of Dixon and A. E. Beamish for the Doubles match was also sound. They were the mainstay in Doubles of the team which toured in South Africa last winter. They knew each other's play, and their victory over R. D. Little and T. C. Bundy, whom they beat in straight sets, was an object in the value of combination. Little and Bundy were a scratch pair, and in putting them together the American selectors do not seem to have displayed their usual astuteness. Our third man, A. H. Lowe, comes back with two defeats scored up against him. But I hope this will not dishearten him or deter the Selection Committee from giving him another chance (if he keeps fit and is able to play) next year. His ground work is nearly perfect, and if he can only improve his volleying he will be one of the best players England has turned out since the Dohertys first made their name.

H. S. S.

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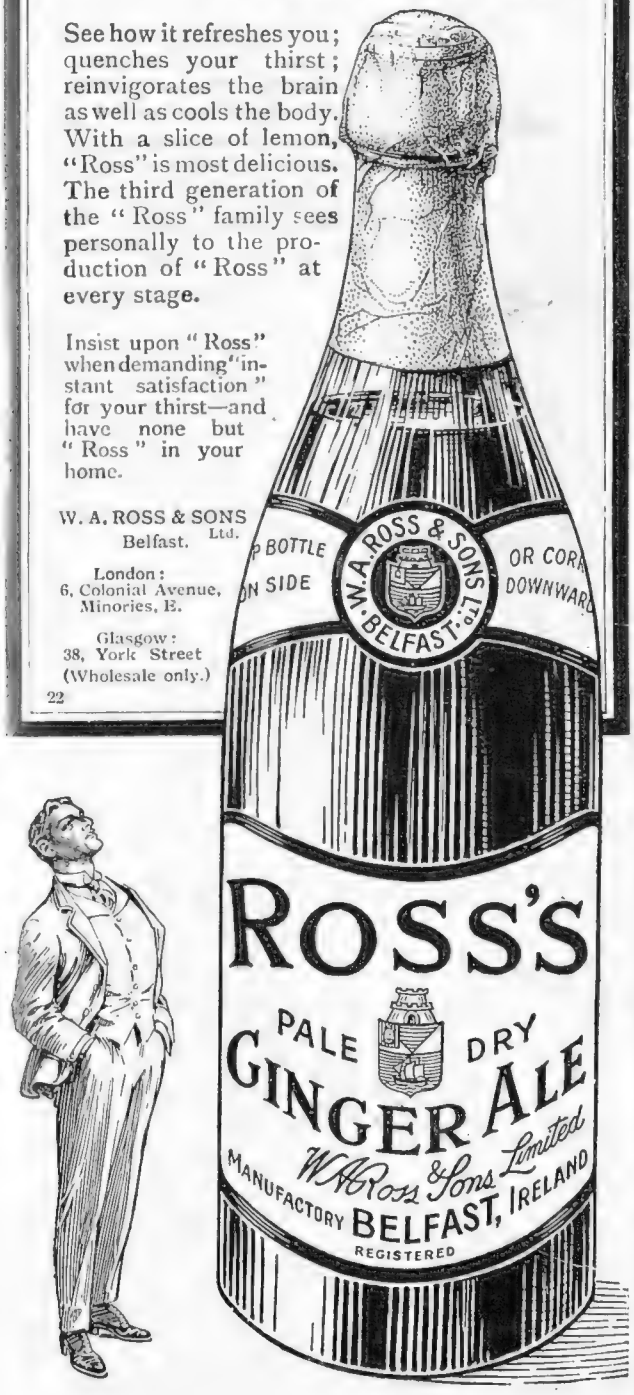

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THE PHEASANT HARD-HIT BY THE HEAT

THE premature death-roll among the young pheasants this year is a severe one. I, therefore, greatly fear that in a large number of cases owners and lessees of shoots will find that their stocks this season are below the average. The reports, however, which reach me are conflicting, and though I have heard in many cases of the excellent way the eggs hatched out, still the mortality which has since ensued has reduced the numbers enormously. I attribute this to the drought, which burnt and dried up everything. We have all felt the heat intensely, and so have animals and birds, for they are affected by the weather just as we are. Even the tenacious worm died in thousands. Young pheasants require a certain amount of moisture, and they certainly require water, and where shoots have streams and brooks running through them pheasants do best, and will remain more at home. On one of the classic shoots not a hundred miles from London, where annually many thousands of pheasants are bred, the result this year has been deplorably bad. To commence with, many eggs were found to be unfertile, though fresh blood was imported; many, too, hatched out badly. The coops were placed on the side of a hill facing south-west, and everything was suitable in this respect. True, there was no shade, and what water there was had to be carted to iron tanks in the field. It was one man's work all day to go round the hundreds of coops in which were the unfortunate foster-mothers, to provide water for the drinking-troughs suspended to the side of each coop. To neglect giving water to the hens, especially during a tropical summer, is great cruelty, for the poor creatures are nearly roasted to death with the sun on the coops all day. The young pheasants seemed at first well and strong, but after a time, bird after bird was picked up dead. Birds which were well in the morning were dead in the evening. In this way hundreds died. On opening them, it was found the intestines were black—enteric. As to what caused this I am at a loss to say, though there is one possible explanation.

Photograph] LORD ABERDARE AT HIS BUTT [*Sport and General*

Lord Aberdare's grouse moors at Aviemore, N.B., are famous, and have this year provided grand sport. A view of the moors appears on page 607

Cuckoo-Spit

Possibly we all have seen a little collection of froth on blades of grass and leaves, and this, I think, is called cuckoo-spit. This froth is caused by an insect, about which I personally am unable to give any scientific information. It is possible, therefore, that in this dry season, when everything about the young birds was parched and hot, they came across this froth, which they found moist, and so picked it up. And with this froth they picked up the insect which was the cause of it. If this is so, very likely the insect was the cause of death; and this theory is supported by the keepers. Anyhow, it would be interesting to have other views on this subject, which some of the readers of THE BYSTANDER might supply. I imagine, therefore, that it will be a case this year of owners having to buy largely from game farms to fill up the stocks, and this means an outlay of 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* each for young poults. But pheasant-shooting is different from partridge or grouse, for in the former case the required number can always be forthcoming, if the owner is willing to pay, whereas in the latter case, if the stocks are depleted by heat or wet, one is simply done. I think this year wild-bred pheasants have done well, and this, at least, is a comfort, and in one instance I know of a case in Scotland where out of many thousand eggs collected and set under hens, no less than 95 per cent. hatched out well. Of course, this is exceptional, but I have yet to learn what percentage arrived at maturity and found their way to the coverts. Let us hope, however, most of them did, or, at any rate, 75 per cent., for the owner is a good sportsman, and his name is a household word around Chesterfield.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

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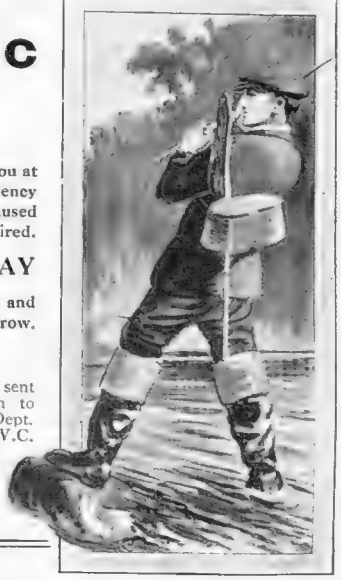

RACING: Autumn Handicaps.

By CARBINE

The St. Leger

I am in doubt as to whether Prince Palatine is a superlatively fine stayer or whether the field he vanquished with such ridiculous ease were the worst lot which ever took part in the St. Leger. Against the latter proposition are the significant facts that Mr. J. B. Joel, with a stable full of good horses to answer the necessary questions, believed Lycaon good enough to win, and that Mr. George Lambton was equally sweet on King William's chance. I think it will be found that Prince Palatine is a much better colt than the public have given him credit for being. For myself, I am glad to know that the winner was the horse recommended in these columns from the first, and when I first selected him he was at double the odds at which he started on Wednesday.

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire

Already some of my readers have asked me to express an opinion regarding the prospects of the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. For the Cesarewitch I would as soon have Mirador as anything. It is well to remember that his trainer has several others in the race. I also like the chances of Martingale II., a genuine stayer. Other horses may suggest themselves during the next fortnight, but Mirador and Martingale II. are my Cesarewitch choices for the time being. As for the Cambridgeshire I maintain that Hornet's Beauty, though so heavily weighted, cannot possibly be ignored. He is a remarkable horse, who may easily set weight at defiance. The course ought to suit the brilliant Mushroom. Mustapha must not be forgotten, and Long Set and Grammont, whom we saw at Doncaster, also have excellent prospects. From these five I expect the Cambridgeshire winner to come, and at present I have a preference for Hornet's Beauty and Long Set.

This Week's Racing

Meanwhile there will be an interesting problem on Saturday in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester, which will probably throw new light on the Cesarewitch. Taylor's stable is strongly represented, and whether either by King Midas or Mirador must threaten danger. We find Martingale II. here too, and she is sure to run well if Lord Cadogan does not keep her for the Cesarewitch. My selection is **King Midas** as likely to be the best of Taylor's string. On Wednesday the best meeting of Scotland begins at Ayr, where Lord Derby should win the Scottish Derby with **Bridge of Allan.** On the following day **Apache** should take the County Cup, and in the Ayrshire Handicap **All Gold** may be persuaded to do his best, in which case he will win. **Matinee** is my selection for the Ayr Gold Cup on Friday, and on the same afternoon at Manchester **Paradise** may secure the Lancaster Nursery at Manchester. Also on Friday it should be the turn of **Sealed Orders** in the Durham Handicap at Hurst Park.

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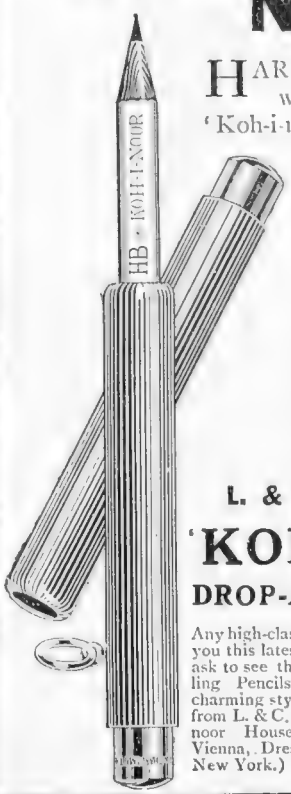

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910 × 90	4 18 6	5 10 0	1 8 10	1 2 8
760 × 100	4 16 0	5 9 0	1 8 10	0 18 0
810 × 100	5 4 0	5 17 0	1 10 5	1 0 0
870 × 100	5 12 0	6 6 6	1 12 0	1 3 9
815 × 105	5 18 0	6 11 6	1 11 2	1 1 7
875 × 105	6 6 6	7 2 0	1 13 5	1 1 8
915 × 105	6 13 0	7 9 0	1 16 0	1 7 2
820 × 120	7 1 0	7 7 6	1 16 0	1 3 9
850 × 120	7 6 6	7 14 0	1 18 5	1 4 11
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"Mothering" a Biplane in the French Manœuvres

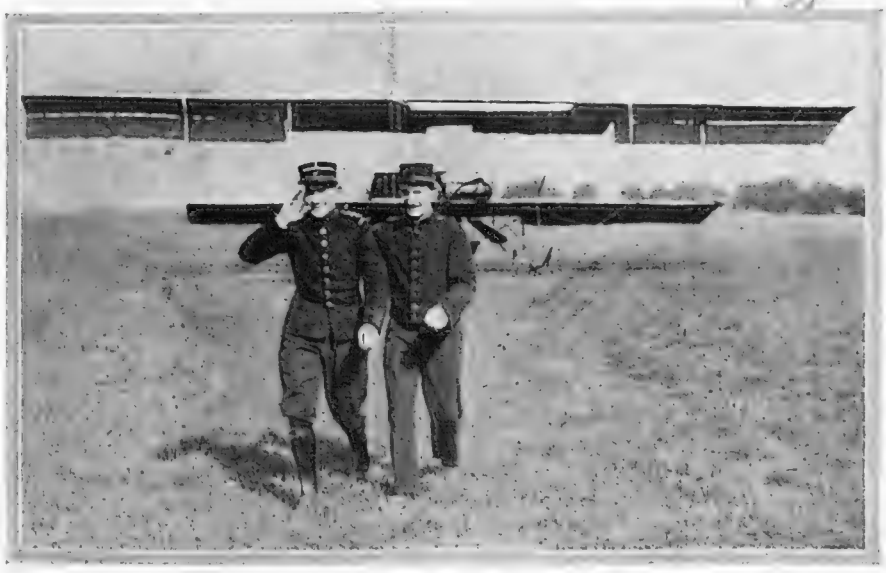
"Mothers" are common in the Navy, all submarine flotillas being attached to a special cruiser carrying stores and refit. During the French autumn manœuvres, a specially fitted automobile was "attached" to the aero fleet. Here it is seen transporting a Brèquet biplane to another portion of the mimic battle-ground

Traffic Threading and Things

IT happens that these notes are being written in a place so completely on the outer fringe of the suburbia of Cockaigne, that field paths and really rustic lanes are at the door, although the City is less than half an hour away by railway, and, if it were not for the intervening traffic tangle, hardly more by car. As the crow flies (a hopelessly out of date simile) Hendon would be about four miles distant, while the place of my paper spoiling is on a more or less direct track from that flying-ground to Brooklands, and yet another aviation colony. Driving through this evening from Westcliff (sometimes)-on-Sea by that tortuous and impossible track which is the best we can do for a main road, getting hopelessly lost several times in an endeavour to get across to North-West London by a route that would cut out the horrors of a be-trammed East End and the congestion of the City, and discovering that the inner reaches of London's environs were only a minor fraction of a degree less distressful (yes, on the whole it was a most trying fifty miles or so, and I don't recommend it to a highly temperamental driver, even when the engine is running with the even regularity of a watch, and making light of the extra strains of what is largely break and gear driving)—as I approached this particular place, I say, I found interests aloft to attract me. The crackling of a Gnome, and a Blériot passed swiftly into gathering night, flying high and with that certain unswerving keel that makes for wonder how else the thing could happen. Another, this time a biplane, too high to distinguish its type; and, before dinner, a third.

On the Wonder of Flight

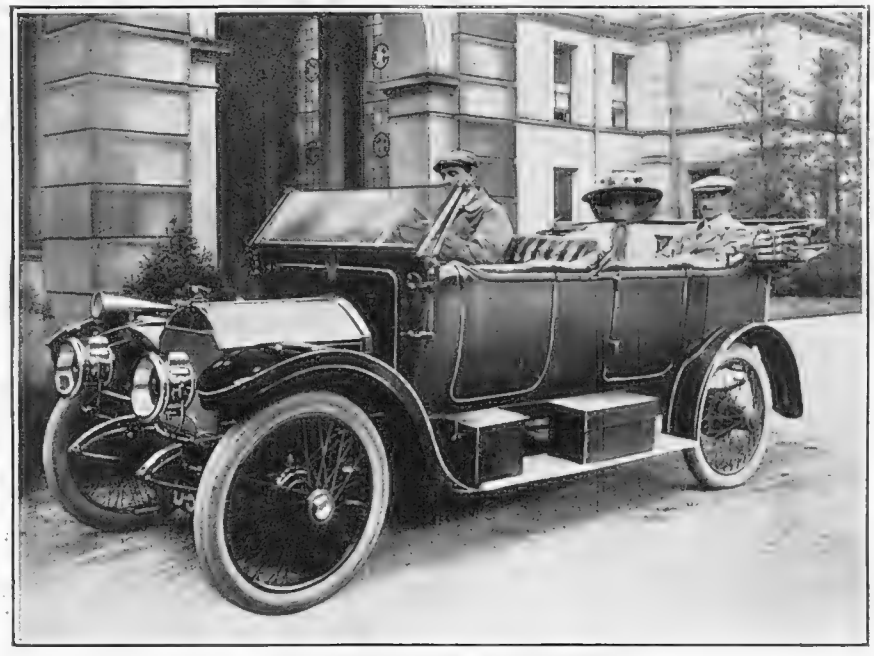
Nothing unusual about that, of course, except in the effect produced upon the people who live in this north-west corner of London. There is more wonder in that effect than in the fact of flight accomplished. I think I have remarked upon the phenomena before—the phenomena of extraordinarily rapid adaptation. Here were people absolutely without interest in one of the most amazing achievements in the history of human kind, who could see an aeroplane go past in full view of the dining-room window without turning a hair, or, for that matter, a head, and without halting in the infinitely more absorbing occupation of passing the cruet. For them, flying is just in the scheme of ordinary things. There is nothing for comment, certainly nothing for excitement in it. Even the children remain passive, and are vastly more concerned with the flying of a kite. And therein, perhaps, is another explanation. The kite is connected with the



Back from the Clouds

A biplane "crew" engaged in the French autumn manœuvres are seen saluting the—photographer

earth by a visible agency. It is of the earth. It is a terrestrial thing like the human animal. So is an aviator, and if he were just flying to clear the top of the garden palings, or alighting in the meadow beyond, we should know it. Then he is of us; within the sphere in which we operate. But the higher he flies the further he gets without our range. Our imagination does not soar to such altitudes. The robin on the wing is nothing. The robin in the garden is the object of our interest. Does the explanation of this apathy toward the wonder of human flight lie there? Or is it that we have lost the sense of wonder? Or is it, again, rapidity of adaptation to new conditions? I believe it is something of all these. In any case, or in all of them, the effect is the same. The aeroplane is just a common object of the heaven-side. We take it for granted. Whatever new feat of flying may be accomplished will leave us cold unless it comes low and within our intimate ken—which, apparently, is bounded vertically by the height of our chimney-stack. We *are* a great people!



Two Creations of the House of Whitworth

A finely finished 15·9 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworth, recently acquired by Mr. St. Vincent Conway, in front of the owner's residence, Stancliffe Hall, which, notably enough, was built by the late Sir Joseph Whitworth

Some Books for Motorists

Three books claim attention, all by Gordon Home, and all published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. Of these two cover sections of England; the other a section of France. The French section ("Motor Routes of France: Part I.") takes in the Châteaux country, Biarritz, the Pyrenees, the Riviera, and the Rhone Valley, a very considerable bite out of a delectable country. There is no over-elaboration of text, the idea being to present, tabloidally, most things that a motorist would feel interested in knowing. Yet occasionally the writer cannot resist the temptation to convey something of the soul of the country; and when he does it, it is gratefully done. Thus: "Windmills are passed now and then and distant villages can be seen, but more memorable than anything else is the great dome of sky, and as the car slips rapidly and smoothly along the white ribbon that cuts the scenery in two, one seems to be in the strangest of solitudes and on the very outermost surface of the globe, where every mood of the heavens is felt to its fullest without any mitigating influences. When it rains, every drop falls without hindrance, and smites the face with a sting when driven by the untempered wind; and when the sun shines every ray reaches the soil."

Motor Routes of France and England

There is nothing quite so deplorable as a guide book, except, perhaps, a personally conducted tour with a gramophone-conductor to explain the sights; and a sudden sandwich of the sort quoted is, therefore, the more pleasant to the palate. For the most part, however, "Allonnes is a roadside village roofed with thatch, coated with green velvet moss, and having blind stone gables toward the road. Two level-crossings succeed, and Ymonville, another stone village with great farmyards and a megalithic stone, is passed." So. These things have to be compressed if essential information is to be included. You will find all essential information in Mr. Home's books of travel (because whatsoever applies to the book on France applies also to the books on England), with maps and plans and helpful tips (there are, I observe, no fewer than sixty-three maps and plans in the French book); but you will also find many illustrations in colour and in black and white, and occasionally diversions from the hard, straight path of the guide-book writer into literary by-paths. Prices: 5*s.* cloth; 7*s.* 6*d.* leather—fat library books with bold-faced type, and in all things of printers' craft, good.

The Aerial Post

The aerial post was excellent advertisement, lively enterprise, and a splendid method of helping along deserving charities. All one has to do now is to convert the Postmaster-General to the idea that the object is worthy, borrow the official stamp, and engage the aviator. The price of the stamps can vary as the price of programmes and other things at charity bazaars. The smallest contributions (over the fixed minimum) thankfully received—and so on. The distance the letters are carried does not signify, and 90 per cent. need not be carried at all for that matter.

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THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 407.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, September 20, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS FOR SALE AND TO BE LET.

Published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

(1) LANDED ESTATES. (2) UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR SALE OR LETTING. (3) FURNISHED HOUSES AND SHOOTINGS.

NEAR SEVERAL GOLF COURSES.

ONLY 1 MILE FROM THE RIVER THAMES.

Costly fitments and decorations. Electric light available. Main drainage. Coachman's cottage.

SURBITON.—"PRESTON ST. MARY," in elevated position in the best part of the district. Choice and commodious FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, approached by a double carriage drive.

Lounge hall. Three elegant reception rooms. Fine billiard room. Conservatory. Two bathrooms. Servants' hall.

9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases. Stabling for 3. Spacious garage.

VERY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

broad terrace walk with stone balustrading, tennis and croquet lawns, rosary, flower gardens, fruit and vegetable garden, glass-houses, etc., in all over 1¼ acres. More land adjoining can be purchased. For SALE, by AUCTION, on September 26, unless previously disposed of privately.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Heating apparatus. Acetylene gas. Telephone. Co.'s water. Old-world gardens. Golf. Hunting.

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ON THE BORDER OF A HEATH, with delightful views over a wide range of country.—To be SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, well fitted throughout with all modern conveniences: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 or more bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and garage.

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TO BE SOLD, the above attractive gabled RESIDENCE, finely situated amidst well-timbered surroundings. It is approached by a long drive through woodlands, and contains: outer hall, inner hall (19ft. 6in. by 18ft.), drawing room (23ft. by 21ft. 6in.), boudoir (18ft. by 12ft.), library (21ft. by 15ft.), morning room (17ft. by 15ft. 6in.), dining room (29ft. by 18ft.), business room, conservatory, etc.; above are 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; the grounds include full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, and parkland, in all 20 acres; excellent stabling, etc.; subsoil chalk and limestone.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (4,330)

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£3,500, FREEHOLD, for an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (4,761)

NORTH WALES (commanding magnificent views embracing the Menai Straits).—To be SOLD,

an attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of nearly 40 ACRES, with a substantial Mansion standing in a beautifully timbered park. The accommodation includes:

4 large reception rooms,	stabling for 15;
15 bedrooms;	garage;
electric light;	2 lodges;

yachting, hunting, golf.

Beautiful gardens and grounds, old lawns, tennis court, walled kitchen garden, woodland, and about 27 acres of parkland.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,155)

N.B.—The furniture could be acquired.

BUCKS (close to Burnham Golf Links; close to Taplow Court and Dropmore Park).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, occupying a carefully selected position. ABOUT 200FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, on gravel soil.

Accommodation: large lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, and morning room, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and well-fitted offices; a feature of the interior is the old panelling and staircase from France.

STABLING, COACH-HOUSE, AND GROOM'S ROOMS.

The grounds are prettily laid out, and include tennis lawn, flower gardens, kitchen garden, etc., and parklike meadows, in all about 21 ACRES. Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN, 10 minutes of main line station, yet enjoying complete privacy.—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and the usual domestic offices; electric light; main drainage; Company's water. The grounds extend to about 4½ ACRES, and contain some fine old specimen trees, wide-spreading lawns, tennis court, well-stocked kitchen garden, and meadow.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

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Telegraphic Address:
"WALTONS, LONDON."

TROUT FISHING IN THE ITCHEN FOR ABOUT 1 MILE.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situated on the banks of the Itchen (see view above). The House has been recently remodernised and is in excellent order, AND LIGHTED WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, bath, and offices; motor-house and stabling; attractively laid-out garden, together with meadowland, etc., in all about 50 acres. If grassland is not required, a substantial rent can be obtained by letting off the grazing. There is a trout hatchery and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,129)

IN A HEALTHY PINE DISTRICT.

NEAR STATION, AND 6 MILES FROM GUILDFORD.—To be SOLD, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It stands on gravel and sand soil, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 3 servants' bedrooms, bath, and w.c.; unrivalled views are obtained from the House; excellent water supply and drainage. The grounds include tennis lawn, orchard, woodlands, and comprise in all nearly

6 ACRES.

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AT A VERY LOW PRICE. OWNER ANXIOUS TO SELL.

ST. ALBANS (in a high and open situation with good views, near 2 stations, but outside the city boundary; low rates).—For SALE, this capital BIJOU HOUSE (erected for owner), with very charming and beautifully laid-out grounds, tennis lawn, shrubberies, rockery, kitchen garden; stabling for 4, groom's rooms; 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; Company's water; modern drainage; gas; hunting; near 2 golf links.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,756)

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NORTHANTS (near the Grafton Kennels).—GRASS FARM of about 125 acres to be SOLD. Superior Farmhouse, containing: 2 halls, 2 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, and offices; excellent farm-buildings. Moderate outgoings.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,479)

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ABOUT 550FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, IN A SHELTERED POSITION.

£2,700 ONLY WILL PURCHASE a pretty FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, with 5½ acres: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, and bathroom; garage; chauffeur's cottage and bungalow; Company's water.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,673)

IN A GOOD CENTRE FOR THE PYTCHLEY, GRAFTON, WARWICKSHIRE, AND BICESTER HUNTS.

NORTHANTS (5 minutes from a station and 1¼ hours from London).—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, a CONVENIENT HUNTING BOX, containing: 3 reception rooms, 12 BEDROOMS, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; EXCEPTIONAL STABLING FOR 14 HORSES (all boxes), rooms for stud-groom and helpers, coach-house, saddle and harness rooms.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,415)

TO GOLFERS (overlooking the Woking Golf Links).—For SALE, the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, in a high situation, with magnificent views; under 2 miles from Woking Junction; 1½ acres of well-laid-out grounds, full-sized tennis lawn; billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; electric light; Company's water; carriage drive; sandy soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,978)

IN A CHOICE POSITION ON SURREY HILLS (500ft. above sea level; IDEAL SPOT; QUIET HOME; good train service to City and West End).—TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, containing: 2 sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, kitchen and attic; further rooms could be added, if desired; vegetable and fruit gardens and woodland, in all just under 3 ACRES; Company's water. Price, £1,300.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,447)

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK BORDER. WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE BROADS.

£1,600 WILL PURCHASE the above charming RESIDENCE, and about 5 acres of inexpensive pleasure grounds, productive kitchen garden, and paddocks; approached by carriage drive with lodge, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottage, etc.; exceptional boating and golfing facilities.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,167)

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In a beautiful district between Harrow and Rickmansworth. A short distance from two stations, whence the City and West End are reached within 25 minutes.

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A BARGAIN.

HOLMWOOD DISTRICT.—For SALE, AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE, the above picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices. Electric light; Company's water; heating. The Property comprises an area of about 17 ACRES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,817)

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IN A FAVOURITE PART OF BERKSHIRE, 1 hour from London by fast train.—The above exceptionally attractive well-built HOUSE, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing, bath. EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3 OR 7 ACRES. For SALE, Privately or by Auction, September 29, 1911.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. COTCHING and SON, Solicitors, Horsham; Messrs. NICHOLAS, Surveyors, Station Road, Reading, and Pall Mall; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HERTS (1 hour from London).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, in a most convenient position: 3 reception, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 6; WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS OF ABOUT 3 ACRES, tennis and croquet lawns, etc. Rent, Unfurnished, only £200 per annum.—Full details of the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

OVERLOOKING A WELL-KNOWN GOLF COURSE.

SURREY (40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a modern RESIDENCE, occupying a high position, commanding beautiful views. It stands on gravel soil, with a South aspect, and the accommodation comprises: lounge entrance hall, billiard room (24ft. by 18ft.), dining room, panelling in oak, drawing and morning rooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; above are 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms; electric light; garage; the gardens of 1½ acres include rosary, tennis court, rock garden, and flower and kitchen gardens.—Apply, Box K 4,992, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY (on the borders of Caterham and Bletchingley).—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE. Over 700ft. above sea level, and affording fine views of typical Surrey scenery. Contains: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 4, with large coach-house and men's rooms.

STANDING IN WELL-TIMBERED AND PLEASANT GROUNDS OF ABOUT 8 ACRES.

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260FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE, commanding extensive views of the Sussex Downs and the sea.—To be SOLD, an

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE,

standing in nicely timbered grounds of over 8 ACRES. The accommodation includes: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 2, coach-house, and men's rooms; picturesque old grounds, flower garden, lovely old lawn, tennis court, orchard, fruit and vegetable gardens.—Box K 5,015, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

In a beautiful position, entirely free from all motor dust and noise.

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds of nearly

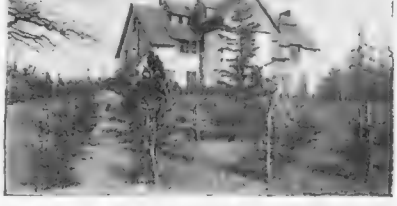
40 ACRES.

The accommodation includes: lounge hall (24ft. by 21ft. 6in.), drawing room (25ft. 6in. by 23ft. 9in.), smoking room, dining room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), morning room (18ft. 9in. by 14ft.), 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 9, coach-house, and men's rooms; tastefully planned gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, well-stocked kitchen gardens, and meadow-land.—Box K 4,486, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HERTFORDSHIRE CHILTERNS, *amidst lovely scenery, unspoilt by the builder, yet within a mile of a main line station.* A QUAINT OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE, in a quiet corner, surrounded by lofty trees: 7 bed, 2 reception, conservatory (easily enlarged); extensive buildings; pretty gardens and well-timbered, park-like paddock, in all 26 ACRES. Freehold for SALE.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AT A REDUCED PRICE.

SURREY HILLS (close to the noted Limpsfield Golf Links, in a carefully chosen position).—COMMANDING A WONDERFUL PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WEALDS OF KENT AND SUSSEX; standing nearly 500ft. above sea level on dry sandstone: hall, 3 reception, fine billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 3 horses. LOVELY GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.



VIEW OF "BINEFIELD."

OXTED (on the Surrey Hills, 1 mile from Oxted Station and close to Limpsfield Common and Golf Links).—Messrs. SEALE and SEALE will SELL the above, together with another HOUSE known as "LONG ACRE," Oxted, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on October 9, 1911, at 2 o'clock. Each House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 and 10 bedrooms respectively, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices, including servants' hall. Both Houses stand in 1¾ acres of well-laid-out grounds, with terrace walks, full-sized tennis lawns, etc. Also 15 acres of Freehold Building Land, 1 mile from Oxted Station and close to Limpsfield Common. To be Offered in Plots from ½ acre upwards, suitable for the erection of good-class Residences.—Particulars and Conditions of Sale of Messrs. MORICE STRODE and SON, Solicitors, 8, Serjeant's Inn, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, Oxted, Surrey.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY, OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL SITUATION.

400FT. HIGH, ON SANDY SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, a fine old COUNTRY HOUSE, part of which is very ancient. It stands in grounds and small park of 36 acres, perfectly secluded, and contains: fine oak-panelled hall, dining room also panelled in oak, 3 other reception rooms, wide covered verandah commanding lovely views, 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, etc. The pleasure grounds are in first-rate order. There are old lawns, Italian garden, terrace, and loggia; the remainder is all pasture-land with model farmery; Company's water; sand soil.—Box K 4,694, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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BLACKMORE VALE.—Well-furnished TUDOR HOUSE: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling 9; close to polo. (F 5,500)

WHADDON CHASE.—Beautifully furnished: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling 12. (F 6,683)

OLD BERKS (kennels ½ mile).—5 bed, bath, 3 reception; 6 excellent boxes. Rent, 4½ gns. per week. (F 7,170)

WARWICKS.—Attractive RESIDENCE: 6 best bed, 4 reception; accommodation for 7 servants; stabling 7; garage; electric light. Rent, 8 gns. per week. (F 7,151)

400FT. ABOVE SEA.

SURREY (20 miles Town).—This pretty old-fashioned RESIDENCE to be LET for 3 or 6 months: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception, and large hall with oak beams; stabling; charming grounds about 2 acres. Low Rent to careful tenants.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,852)

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49, Kensington High Street, W.

SUSSEX COAST.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for Autumn or Winter months.—This artistic half-timbered RESIDENCE, luxuriously Furnished, and containing: lounge, drawing and dining rooms, 7 bed and 2 bathrooms; garage; telephone; private bathing-hut; shady garden; mild climate; good town and station 2 miles distant. Cook-housekeeper left. Moderate Rent to careful tenant.—Full particulars and orders to view of the Agents, Messrs. STORY and CO., as above. (2,783)

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£1,500 WILL BE ACCEPTED for a well-built modern red brick and tiled COTTAGE RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices, with stable, coach-house, man's cottage, and pretty grounds of nearly an acre; situated in a village, near the church, and about 1 mile from a railway station. Vacant possession on completion of purchase.—Particulars of Mr. ALLAN HERBERT, Surveyor, Andover, Hants.

ABOUT 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

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RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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In a beautiful part. 250ft. above sea level.

£2,900, FREEHOLD.—A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling of 4 loose boxes; 2 cottages; the grounds are finely timbered and include tennis lawns, ornamental pond, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all nearly 5 acres.—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

WILTS.—In a bracing situation about 12 miles from Salisbury.

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—An attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in first-rate order throughout, and standing about ¼ mile back from the road, midst parklike surroundings. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5; garage, 2 cottages; good water supply; well-timbered gardens with 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, surrounded by park with 9-hole golf links.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,500 ACRES can be had if desired.—Sole Agents, Messrs. RAWLENCE and SQUAREY, Salisbury, and Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING PART OF SOMERSET.

A BEAUTIFUL FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 150 ACRES, IN A RING FENCE.

TO BE SOLD.

Showing over 4 per cent. return on price.

Long carriage drive. Richly timbered park and grounds. House faces due South and is protected from the North.

Spacious hall, 3 fine reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices.

Stabling for 6; walled kitchen garden; lake with island; model farm, farmhouse, 2 cottages.

House and 16 acres in hand,
Residue Let at £274 per annum.

—Highly recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

£5,000 WILL PROBABLY BE ACCEPTED for a well-known MANSION and about 25 acres of beautiful grounds. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, ample offices, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, heating by hot-water pipes; stabling for 9; cottages. The whole Estate, about 750 acres, would be SOLD.—Full details of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

THE MOST CHARMING PROPERTY OF ITS SIZE IN THE COUNTY.

Superb South. Aspect. Grand Views. Golf. Hunting. Shooting. Fishing.

SOMERSET.—To be SOLD, a really beautiful FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 14½ acres, including the above-depicted *delightful old-fashioned Residence*, perfectly secluded in grandly matured and shady gardens, and further *surrounded by magnificently timbered parklands.* Accommodation: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 4 reception rooms, etc.; good stabling; capital lodge. Short distance from station and pretty old small town. *Illustrated particulars* can be obtained from the Sole Agents, Messrs. BENNETT, PICTOR and Co., Bruton; and WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and at Yeovil.

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A BARGAIN.

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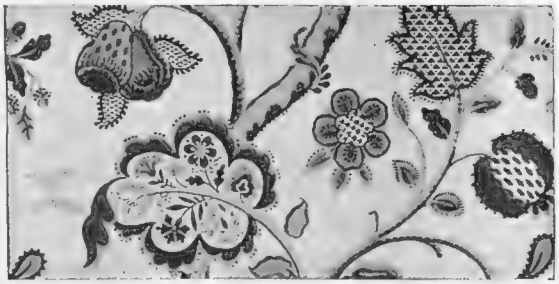

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¶ The rapidly increasing circulation of "The Graphic," both at home and abroad, is reflected in the balance sheet of the Company and in the improvements in the journal.

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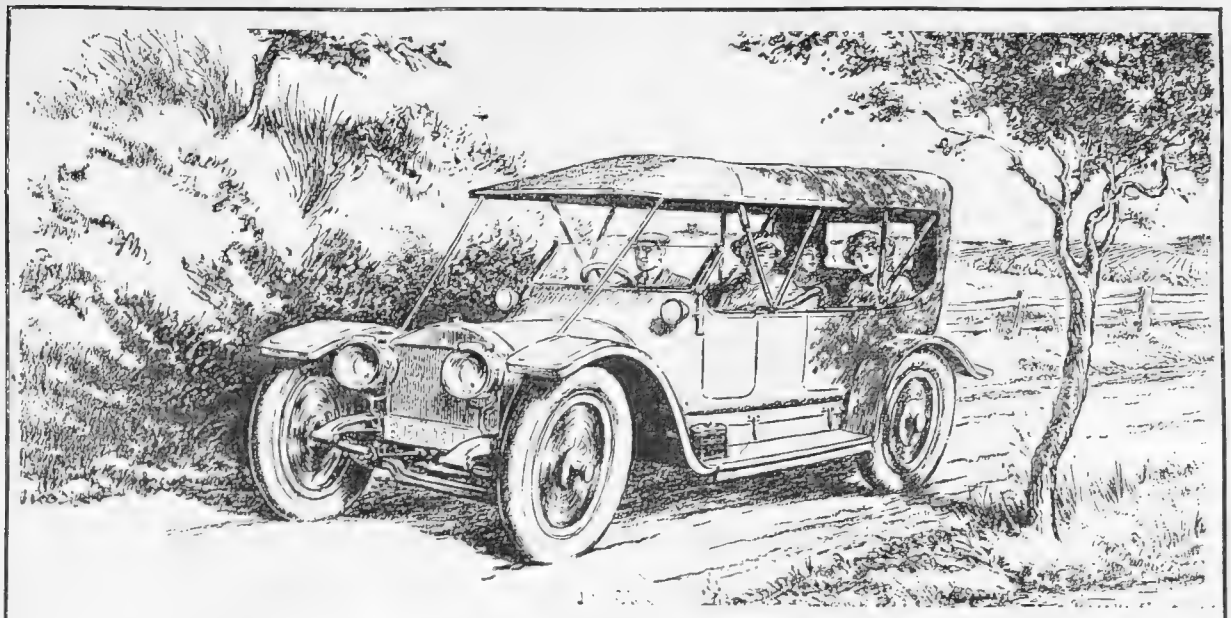

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Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

AUTUMN TRIUMPHS IN MILLINERY AND GOWN

Hats both Quaint and Smart

A DESCRIPTION of the quaint *chapeau* on the following page, given a week or so ago, retained the interest of more than one of my readers. In response to such enthusiasm, I come armed this week with a pictured presentment of its charms. The shape is the first, indeed the chief, essential, and in the case of our model it is covered with tightly strained black velvet, two owls' heads and wings providing the whole decoration. Another variation is black silk, in lieu of velvet, and soft white wings, caught together across the front by a great elongated buckle *mouvement* of gold-embroidered *galon*. It seems to me, from slight observations, that there has never before been such a choice in untrimmed shapes as is the case this season. And the majority are just right.

A Theatre Toilette for Mid-Season

A confection by Schneider, this gown for restaurant and theatre emphasises the continued *penchant* in Paris for black and white. Over an underdress of white satin, a black *mousseline de soie* falls in soft folds, the hem faced up with black *charmeuse*, ornamented with great *motifs* of the satin and silk embroidery, picked out with jet beads. A fascinating feature is the little Magyar corsage, the folds caught up in front to form a Zouave effect, and caught with more of the hand-made satin trimming or embroidery, and narrow falling collar and turned-back cuffs of white *ninon* and Malines lace imparting the daintiest finishing touches.

The Cult of the Complexion

One of the first to come and conquer on well-thought-out legitimate lines the cult of skin preparations Mrs. Pomeroy's curriculum stands to-day at an even higher altitude than ever. And this, be it said, is no small achievement in the face of the innumerable rivals that have sprung up since Mrs. Pomeroy first pitched her tent at 29, Old Bond Street, and commenced that belt of branch depôts which almost embraces the world. Only the few, however, really matter, and there is plenty of room in the present-day demand for skin culture for these few to stand on an equal eminence of acknowledged worth. In time—and the date is not far distant—the inefficient will fall out of the ranks, and only those, like the present acting head at Pomeroy's, will remain. She is a fully qualified *masseuse*, stands at the head of her profession, and understands the physiology of the body. She is equipped to the last

Photograph *Schneider*

BLACK AND WHITE TOILETTE FOR RESTAURANT WEAR

The continued penchant in Paris for black and white is emphasised in this confection. A fascinating feature is the little Magyar corsage, the folds caught up to form a Zouave effect

letter in a scientific knowledge of the subject. This will be in every way recognised by her clients.

Consultations are granted free by this lady, who is keenly averse to generalising. But should her personal services in the treatment be desired, special fees are necessarily exacted. Electrolysis, always a noted feature here, has been brought more up to date than ever. It is claimed that outside medical circles this treatment is of unrivalled excellence. It is guaranteed thoroughly antiseptic, and there has, comparatively recently, been added an antiseptic salve for application at home by those whose skins suffer a subsequent slight, but quite temporary, redness.

MILLINERY OF THE MOMENT

The shape of this quaint model is covered with tightly strained black velvet, two owls' heads and wings providing the whole decoration

Care of the Eyes

Accounted also of remarkable virtue is a new eye lotion for cleansing and strengthening after motoring or yachting or golfing, pursuits all that tend to strain the muscles. A vast deal of attention is now given the eye by face specialists, who have their subject well in hand; the eyes and round about the eyes quickly foretell age, and frequently belittle the work of a carefully preserved skin. To keep lines and wrinkles at bay, a special skin food for the purpose has been also added to the Pomeroy list, together with a pure and most delicious cooling lotion for the face to use after tennis, dancing, or, in fact, any violent exercise.

To meet the requirements of those who must perforce rest satisfied with home treatment, there has been completed at some very considerable trouble a treatise dealing with general rules for applying the various emollients, etc. Special and unique efforts have been made to render these instructions as lucid as possible, and the pamphlet, if I am not mistaken, can be had for the asking from 29, Old Bond Street. One remarks, indeed, a great deal of individual effort here, decisions based obviously on specialised experience that at once bring conviction and assurance that here, at least, is *bona-fide* skill. Exceptional successes are being achieved in chin reductions and building-up of the throat, while the plumping out or thinning, as occasion requires, of the neck and shoulders is, moreover, carried out in a thoroughly scientific and satisfactory manner.

THE MENU: Autumn Vegetables

Boiled Green Corn

Remove the outer husk which envelops the corn, and put the cobs into a large saucepan of boiling unsalted water; cover, and if the corn is young and tender it will take from fifteen to twenty minutes to boil, but if the corn is beginning to harden, a little longer may be necessary. When tender, drain, sprinkle with salt, and serve with melted butter. If desired, when removed from the pan, the corn may be sliced from the cob with a sharp knife and re-heated with a little butter, milk, pepper, and salt. In America the cobs are generally served whole.

N.B.—As green vegetables are so very scarce and expensive just now, corn should be more generally used in English households, and I think would be very greatly appreciated.

Stewed Cardoons

Cardoons are a French vegetable, resembling celery, about thirty-six inches in length and correspondingly thick in circumference. They have a delicate flavour, and can be cooked in various ways. The cost is about 1*s.* 3*d.* each. To Stew: Take off the outside leaves, string the white part, and cut them about two inches long; wash them very clean, and put them into a stewpan with three-quarters of a pint of veal broth, a glass of white wine, a small bunch of sweet herbs, a little pepper and salt. Cover over, and stew gently till tender, then add a piece of butter rolled in flour, and boil all gently till it becomes the proper consistency, add the juice of half a lemon, and dish up.

Mushrooms à la Bordelaise

Take some large fresh mushrooms, peel, wash, and drain them; make one or two slits on the top side of the mushrooms; let them soak for an hour in salad oil, salt, and pepper. Broil them, taking care to turn them, so that each side may be equally broiled. Warm the oil in which the mushrooms were soaked, season with finely chopped chives and parsley, dish up the mushrooms, sprinkle over a few drops of lemon-juice, and pour the hot oil over them and serve.

Beetroot à la Crème

Peel a beetroot after it has been boiled, and cut it into slices, then cook it very slowly in white béchamel sauce; season with pepper and salt, and serve.

White Kidney Beans

Throw the haricots into boiling salt and water with a small bit of butter in it, having soaked them previously for a couple of hours. Bring them gently to the boil, and then simmer gently till tender. Drain them when they are cooked, and place them in a clean stewpan with 2oz. of fresh butter and a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley; salt and pepper to taste. Toss the beans gently till they are quite hot and equally covered with the sauce, add the strained juice of half a lemon, and serve.

Fried Bananas

Choose firm, large bananas. Peel and cut into slices lengthwise. Fry in a little butter or with bacon until they begin to brown. Serve with the bacon or alone, as preferred. Prepared in this way bananas make a pleasant and wholesome change for breakfast, and are sure to be appreciated.

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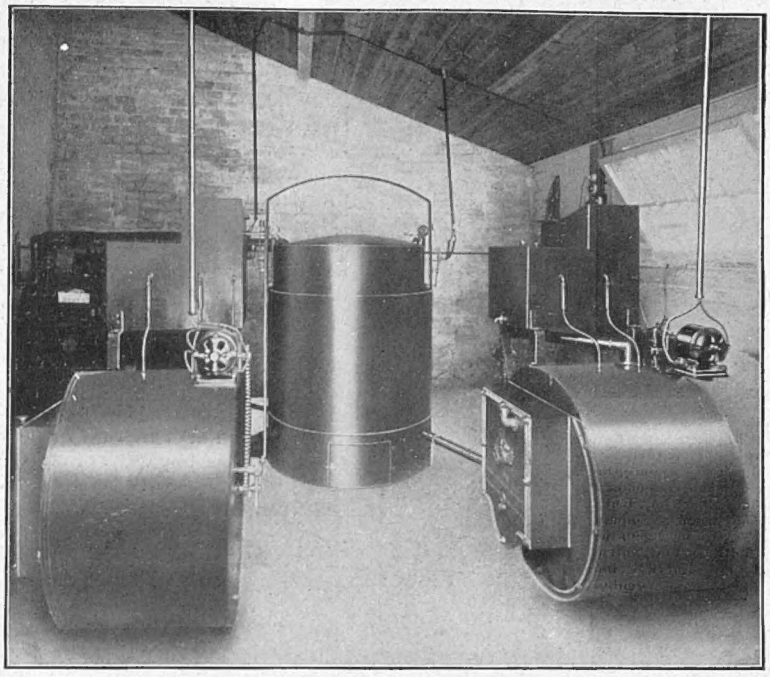

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(ESTABLISHED 1886.)

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MANCHESTER - 47B, Spring Gardens.
GLASGOW - - 50B, Wellington Street.

When you get face to face

with the problem: What is the best soap to use? you will decide in favour of

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

4d. per Tablet.

The Editor's Box

The "Nelson Line" at Fishguard

The new s.s. *Highland Warrior*, recently constructed at Greenock for the Nelson Line, called at Fishguard on August 29 to embark passengers on her maiden voyage to South America. A special train left Paddington at 12.30 p.m., conveying about 150 passengers. The passengers were taken on board immediately on arrival at the Fishguard Harbour Station, the vessel having arrived in the bay some time previously. Great satisfaction was expressed on all hands at the speedy and comfortable arrangements of the port. It will be remembered that Fishguard Harbour was constructed as recently as 1906 by the Great Western Railway Company for the inauguration of the short-sea route to Ireland, the port of Rosslare, on the Irish side, being but fifty-four miles distant. Since that time the vessels of the Cunard, Booth, and Blue Funnel Lines have used the harbour regularly. Thus, in the short space of five years, Fishguard has become a port of call of the first importance. It will be recollected that the opening of the Fishguard Route made it possible for passengers to Paris and the Continent to travel direct through from the Welsh port to Dover. And, judging by the popularity of the fine corridor trains running in this connection, the service has proved highly popular to passengers.

London's Jungle Tribes

Those who intend visiting the Zoological Gardens to view the King's animals this year should recollect that they are only open to the public from May to October of each year, so that they must hurry up. The Zoo is one of the most interesting and instructive places in London, and one finds it difficult to understand the Londoner who has never been there.

The Soul of the New Philosophy

"Wisdom Compressed" (5s.) is an amusing book, containing, as the title-page states, "the soul of twentieth-century wit and philosophy." It is edited by Mark Over, and illustrated delightfully by W. K. Haselden, Joseph Simpson, R.B.A., and Edmund J. Sullivan, A.R.W.S. Mostyn Pigott and Mark Allerton are also contributors. Here are a couple of typical axioms from the book: "Scratch the Christian and you find the pagan—spoiled." "Few City men are such accomplished liars as the oldest inhabitant of a country town."

Town and Country

To the man whose business lies amid the bustle and turmoil of London, with its attendant environment of bricks and mortar, no greater pleasure is known than to roam in the green fields of the country, to pull an oar upon the Thames, to take a round of the golf course, or interest oneself in the garden, after the toil of the day or whenever opportunity offers. Such being the case, the tendency grows to acquire a house in a district where such recreation can be found, and when accompanied by gardens of great beauty a good house is seldom long in need of an occupier. Therefore, "Preston St. Mary," Langley Avenue, Surbiton, should excite some spirited bidding at the Mart, E.C., on September 26, when offered by auction, for to it belong all the attractions above. The house is luxuriously appointed, occupies an elevated position in the best part of the district, carries, in addition to other splendid accommodation, a lounge hall and a fine billiard-room, commands fine open views, and is only twenty-four minutes journey from Town, two miles from several golf courses, and one mile from the Thames. Exquisite pleasure grounds of one and a half acres, most delightfully displayed, form a fitting complement to the house, and these could be further extended by the purchase of additional land adjoining if required. The auctioneers concerned are Hampton and Sons, of Cockspur Street, London.

A Recent Sale

Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W., have recently sold by private treaty the lease of 11, West Eaton Place, a compact Town residence in a convenient position.

The Charm of London's River

Thames-side houses have ever a special charm, but for the fact that they are for the most part subject to floods and from their low-lying position somewhat relaxing and subject to river mists, they are forbidden delights to many of us who must perforce for health sake take ourselves to more bracing climes. The "Northern Heights Estate" at Bourne End is somewhat unique, inasmuch as it is a building estate practically on the river bank though some 300ft. above sea level, and here one may enjoy all the delights of the river, beautiful views of which are obtainable from any part of the property, while occupying a high, healthy, and bracing position. With an area of some thirty-two acres, this is to be sold by order of mortgagees at an upset price of £2,750, or barely £88 per acre, so that there should be lively competition when it is offered at the Mart by Hampton and Sons on September 26.

The Crystal Palace Sale

The Crystal Palace, Sydenham, will be sold by auction on November 28 by Mr. Howard Frank (of the firm of Knight, Frank and Rutley) and Mr. John Roy Lancaster (of the firm of Horne and Co.) at 20, Hanover Square, W. The Palace is freehold, and comprises about 200 acres. The ground rents produce £1,477 per annum, and a considerable income is derived from various sources. The Palace and everything appertaining thereto will be offered as a going concern subject to and with the benefit of all agreements now current. The Lord Mayor has convened a meeting to be held at the Mansion House on October 23 of "all public bodies and persons interested in the acquisition of the Crystal Palace and its grounds for the use of the public for ever." Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Horne and Co. have jointly published a very beautiful catalogue setting forth this wonderful property, which is to be sold at the said auction on November 28.

"The Voice of the Physician."

March 7, 1911.

"Dr. ——— is always recommending Plasmon Preparations to his patients, and he never goes out in the morning on his rounds without his cup of Plasmon Cocoa—that and his plate of Plasmon Oats is all he has till lunch-time."

Analysis cannot lie, and Analysis ***proves*** that

PLASMON COCOA

is **TEN TIMES** more nutritious than ordinary cocoa.—*vide Lancet.*

Cocoa in Perfection, 9d., 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d.

SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

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Many people spend half the night, not in sleeping, but in worrying over their affairs, and consequently arise feeling more tired than when they go to bed.

The cause of the trouble is often nothing more than Indigestion, which brings palpitation of the heart, a disordered nervous system, and mental unrest.

An excellent thing to counteract sleeplessness is a cup of Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk taken before retiring. It nourishes the body, soothes the nerves, and is so easily digested that it can be taken even by the most delicate without the least fear of disagreeing. In all cases of Insomnia and Nervous Dyspepsia it is extremely beneficial. It is made in a moment, hot water only being required.

Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander" and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.